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AFTER THE LONG SESSION: "WHO GOES HOME?"

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

No one is talking in the country now of Parish Councils and Lo Bengula, but only of the enthralling question, "Were your pipes frozen?" That is the subject of the hour, and a much more pressing one than any other. "Heard melodies are sweet," says the poet, "but those unheard are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on." Most excellent advice, if they can only take it. To most of us, welcome as have been of late the butcher and the baker, when they could get to us, the plumber has been received with even greater joy. No blandishments were too great if we could only keep him with us, for fear of further and appalling catastrophes. He spoke of "others," and in his artless phrase remarked that we were "not everybody." But these were mere metaphysical subtleties, to be washed away with hot whisky and water. He was a man and a plumber, he presently affirmed, and, like Mrs. Micawber, would never desert us. To what a position was all our boasted civilisation reduced by this mere lowness of the temperature! Water, water all around, but not a drop available. "We should have plenty of it," said the plumber, when our pipes burst. The direction of the fall he predicted would be through the drawing-room ceiling. I am inclined to think that plumbing, unlike medicine and the law, must be an exact science, for in our case, at all events, his prophecy proved correct. Where he failed (and possibly the good man wished to spare us) was in omitting to say that the larder would also be submerged. What amused one—if anything could amuse one under such circumstances—was to note how all remoter matters, supposed (when our pipes are all right) to be of the first importance—such as politics, the increase of the Navy, and the Jarvis-Conklin circular—sank into utter insignificance in the presence of this domestic catastrophe.

Except in the Christmas numbers of our periodicals the times of frost are not much associated with enjoyment. If the skaters and sliders like it, the sportsmen abhor it, because it stops the hunting. Indeed, it is only those who have warm clothing and good fires awaiting them at home that can endure it patiently. In old records of it there is much more said of its pains than of its pleasures. In 1808 we are told that "the rain froze as it fell, and in London the umbrellas were so stiffened that they could not be closed." The very feathers of the poor birds were frozen so that they could not fly, but were picked up as they lay helpless on the ground. Those must have been even harder times than have brought seagulls to Wych Street. The accounts of the "frost fairs" gave one a Mark Tapleyan notion of being jolly under difficulties, rather than of real jollity. Through all the tumult of the merrymakers one seems to hear their teeth chatter. It is like reading the daily paragraph about the five-and-twenty fanatics who bathe in the Serpentine every morning, and stammer—for they can't speak—how they like it. In 1788 the frost fair on the Thames lasted for seven weeks. There were wild beast shows and roundabouts and bear-baiting on the ice, with pigs and sheep roasted whole. In 1814 there was another frost fair, with "a gravel walk, and Mall, from Blackfriars Bridge to London Bridge, entitled 'The City Road,' lined each side with booths of all descriptions"; those for *rouge-et-noir* tables and skittles were greatly patronised, but, especially, the dancing booths: one would have thought this was for the warmth found in the exercise, but what really reads strangely curious, "blazing fires were kept up in every tent. There were several with printing presses, and at their doors printers' devils, who shouted 'Here's your time, ladies and gentlemen, now is your time to support the freedom of the Press.'" There seems to the reader a good deal of effort in all this. The merrymakers had not, indeed, any pipes to be frozen at home, nor automatically supplied kitchen boilers to burst and blow the cookmaids to bits, but they probably suffered, at least, as great inconvenience from the frost as we do.

Those who would do away with the gallows, and not with the gallows' birds, are making capital out of the report that an Australian hangman has committed suicide rather than carry out the sentence of the law upon a female baby-farmer. That hangman must, I think, originally have "come from Sheffield." The story is precisely of that kind which is told at the public meetings of the anti-everythingarians, and received with enthusiastic credulity. It wears absurdity on the face of it, for there was no obligation on the part of the hangman to embrace the alternative in question. No doubt it is difficult for a Government official to resign his post, even on a matter of principle, but it is preferable to cutting his throat. Moreover, if this high-principled Jack Ketch wanted to discourage capital punishment, it is strange that he should have had no objection to suicide. Perhaps he did it as an example to his clients. If our baby-farmers and child-torturers would but hang themselves, it would indeed be a most satisfactory arrangement and save a great deal of trouble; but their notorious care for their own lives is one of the very reasons that make the gallows so efficacious as a deterrent. The fact is that the opponents of capital punishment, in face of the general bombing that is going on at present, are aware that their

fad is out of favour, and are eager to join hands with a sentimental hangman, or any other ally, genuine or fictitious.

The current number of the *Author* has an extract from a hitherto unpublished work on natural history called the "Editor," which is highly entertaining. His principal means of livelihood, it seems, is the postage stamps he omits to return to rejected contributors. Quite as humorous, though by no means intentionally so, are the complaints of subscribers (or, as is more likely, of those who read it without subscribing) concerning the magazine and its parent, the Society of Authors. One writes that a magazine that does not praise one's works is of no use to one; and another that a society that cannot get one's books published may just as well be non-existent. It is amazing how writers can be so simple as not to perceive the unreasonableness of such sentiments, and still more the folly of expressing them. To those unacquainted with the Rejected Contributor, or with him who has "embraced literature" *invitâ Minervâ*—without an invitation from that lady—this will seem indeed almost incredible; but with these two classes there are two pillars of faith which no argument can shake: that (1) to appear in print and (2) to get a favourable review are the highest ambitions of humanity. It is quite useless to reason with them on these points, and only makes them very angry.

The experiment of the eight-hours system in the dockyards will be an interesting one. If it be really found that as much work is done as in the ten hours of old, it will be a most satisfactory result. It is possible that just at first even a not naturally diligent workman will "put on a spurt" with the very object of establishing the agreeable theory that increased freshness and vigour, and, above all, willingness, will make up for the diminution of time; then, after a week or two, his unwonted exertions will be relaxed, and his efforts be directed to evade exertion in the eight-hours day as in the ten. The new reform will certainly not tend to that favourite fad of trades unionism, equalisation; we may be sure that if employers give shorter time they will require the more skilled hand-work. The inferior workman will find himself left out in the cold more than ever.

That there is a great deal of what some would call wasted time in all callings is pretty certain, from the penman to the paviour; but it is more than likely that little breaks in the continuity of labour are beneficial. Even for eight hours it is impossible for any man to keep his nose to the grindstone. Those who boast themselves of their long hours of work do not generally use the most diligence, or have the most to show for it. The very idea of work consists to many persons, not of doing anything in particular, but of passing more or less time in doing it. On the other hand, there are few callings where extra hours do not mean more or less of extra work. Literature is one of them. In working the mine of imagination at least, after a few hours—the number of which, of course, varies with the powers of the miner—there is absolutely no result. The brains of the poet or the novelist cannot be cudgelled. The stories of overwork in this department of intelligence are to be taken, therefore, with a grain of salt. The literary worker knows when he has come to the end of his tether, and stops there whether he will or no. He may work overtime, but of one thing he may be certain, that he will not be paid for it.

In the advertisement columns of the *Times* of Jan. 9, "F. and T." announce their wish to rent or purchase a haunted house! Simplicity must be one of the chief adornments of their character, or they would surely know that such a notice is sufficient to tempt any man with an empty house to warrant it "haunted." In these hard times even an honest man may be excused, in such a case, for referring rats or a rusty weathercock to supernatural agency. He might really just as well do it, so far as "F. and T." are concerned, for if a man wants to see a ghost in a haunted house it is certain he will see it, ghost or no ghost. But if the experiment is fairly and exhaustively carried out the result is certain. Dickens, who went into the matter with that thoroughness and pertinacity which were among his chief characteristics, tried many a haunted covert but always drew a blank, though certainly not for want of imagination. But then he was a humorist, and it is as difficult to get a ghost to meet a humorist as an orthodox practitioner to meet a homœopath.

It is curious that, in spite of his failure in this respect, Dickens could write the most effective ghost stories—quite curdling ones—such as the "Juryman's Narrative." To his influence or encouragement we are indebted for the best ghost stories of modern times. In a "Round of Stories by the Christmas Fire" appeared Mrs. Gaskell's famous Borrowdale story—what the vulgar call a "clinker" for eeriness—and somewhere or other in "Household Words" was printed Miss Muloch's tale of the ghost in the opera-box, seen by everybody except the person who was sitting by it—another "clinker." These writers understood the secret of mingling very ordinary and commonplace matters with the supernatural element: if they had "placed" their ghost on a switchback railway (as Lefanu put his in an omnibus) it would have horrified their readers far more than the old crusted spectres that shook their

chains punctually at midnight and went through all Mrs. Radcliffe's "business" without a hitch. As for the telepathic productions so popular in the present day, they frighten nobody, and to pretend that they are ghosts at all is like substituting orange marmalade in puffs—a trick very common with some housekeepers—for apricot jam.

The German Emperor, in the variety of his gifts, reminds one of that sagacious animal the elephant, who can shoulder a howitzer or pick up a pin. He has also a tendency to trumpet the result of both achievements. He has lately paid his attention to dancing, which a professor of the art has recently informed us is "never learnt" (human life not being long enough to attain it) in perfection; but in a week the Emperor, with the assistance of "four couples of choreographic artists," has revolutionised it in Berlin. It is probably his love for military display that has caused him to substitute the Lancers for the time-honoured Quadrille, but he will have plenty of sympathisers even among the civil population; for has not a bard of our own country, in the best of poetical alphabets, expressed the universal preference?—

Q's the Quadrille put instead of the Lancers,
R's the Remonstrances made by the dancers.

An incident that lately occurred in the neighbourhood of Falmouth is noteworthy (1) on account of the unselfishness and heroism displayed, and (2) by reason of the incredible fanaticism that accompanied it. Two lads fell through the ice one Sunday where the water was deep and the ice rotten. They were rescued by the courage and conduct of a clergyman, who thrice risked his life in the attempt, and himself fell in. On reaching the shore he was saluted by the snuffing reproof from a parishioner, "Six days shalt thou labour, Mr. Blank." There are fanatics, of course, in all creeds, but the peculiarity of this example was his going in the very teeth of the creed itself. One can hardly imagine any man, out of an idiot asylum, after being told that if his ox or his ass fall into a pit on the Sabbath day he may take it out, urging objections to pulling a drowning man out of the water. The only parallel to this, so far as I know, is found in the conduct of the American young lady who, being rowed by her lover on a lake, and coming upon a drowning man, insisted on being set on shore (from motives of delicacy) previous to any attempt to save him.

If love stories, simply told, without foolish and exaggerated sentiment, and, above all, without unnecessary pathos, can win the public ear, "The Way They Loved at Grimpat" should be popular. They are among the very best specimens of our modern short-story literature. Their quiet naturalness seems to transport one into the very heart of village life. "Naomi" is a narrative in which the touches of character show what the author (or shall we not rather say authoress?) could do on a larger canvas, and will be, I suppose, the general favourite, while "Good for Nothing" and "Betty's Luck" will be probably more welcome to critical readers; the contrast of "tone" between them is especially noteworthy. Beside the love-making there is plenty of subdued humour: "Prolific mothers of large families feigned to pity the Haynes, assuring each other that there was a crook in every lot, and that it was better to be happy than rich. For their part, they would not consent to give up their Tommy or Maggie for all the Haynes' wealth twice-told. But it must be admitted that neither Ben Hayne nor his wife had ever manifested the slightest desire to effect such a purchase. Children were dreadful wasteful and troublesome, Mrs. Hayne said, and messed things out of all knowing; and you could never be sure that they would make it up to you, or be a comfort when they were grown. Still, nobody would willingly be without children, the neighbours persisted, finding an attraction in this vulnerable spot in the rich farmer's armour. "I would," Mrs. Hayne maintained stoutly, "and so would Ben. If he had wanted an heir I should have heard of it; don't you think I shouldn't? Ben is not a man to keep trouble to himself, but he knows, as I do, that it's a relief to have nobody but our two selves to think of; we can take all the good of what we have; an' we don't fret."

When this lady came to the end of her life—though she failed to see the reason of its being cut short—she left it in a dignified manner, and with the most excellent advice to her husband: "The feather beds were to be sunned twice a year, for three days at a time; jams for home use were never to be made of the fruit that grew at the north side of the orchard; the keys of all the linen cupboards were in a box on the top shelf of the china press, and the key of that box was in her purse; while the lists of the linen and silver were pasted inside their respective receptacles. So, careful about many things, but feeling that on the whole she had played her part in life worthily, and left her section of the world richer than she found it, this harmless pagan passed to that place where domestic anxieties may be expected to trouble us no more." What one especially thanks this writer for is for withstanding what seems the almost universal temptation of making stories end miserably. "Linnet's Lover" is one in which we dread all along a catastrophe, which, through the benevolent providence of the author, is not permitted to take place, and we candidly thank her for it.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

BY THE MACE.

By the third reading of the Local Government Bill the House of Commons has been released from its arduous duties till Feb. 12, leaving the House of Lords to take up the wondrous tale in the interval. The closing scenes in the Commons were made memorable by a protest from Mr. Luttrell against the compromise. Mr. Luttrell, the member for the Tavistock Division, who sits behind Ministers, and is rarely heard, had evidently prepared his oration with much care. It was delivered in a deep bass voice, with appropriate pauses, and with that fine old-fashioned Parliamentary gesture which alternates between magnificently folded arms and impressive shaking of a forefinger. I am sorry to say the House received this demonstration with apathy, until Mr. Luttrell launched into a metaphor. "The engine," he said, by way of peroration, and waving his hand towards the Treasury bench, "had gone off the line in consequence of obstruction; but was that any reason why the rest of the train should not go on? If it went on, no doubt the engine would return to its place." This idea of a locomotive coming back in a shamefaced way when it found that the carriages were quite independent, tickled Mr. Luttrell's audience very much. When Mr. Mellor had rattled through pages of amendments without taking breath, Mr. Fowler moved the third reading, which was gracefully accepted, on behalf of the Opposition, by Mr. Walter Long. Mr. Long had amiable things to say about Mr. Fowler's scrupulous fairness and courtesy, but he regretted that the Minister had been the object of "insidious attacks" from his own supporters—a statement which drew mild ejaculations from the Radical benches. Mr. Chaplin and Mr. Goschen hinted darkly at what might happen to certain parts of the Bill in the House of Lords, in spite of the compromise; and Mr. Fowler announced that he could not keep his pledge to recommit the Bill in order to insert a provision removing the disabilities of married women in regard to municipal and county councils. Such a course had been declared by the Chair to be out of order. It did not occur to any champion of woman to ask why this discovery by the Chair had been delayed so long that only a day or two earlier Mr. Fowler had emphatically repeated his promise. But the House was too eager for its holiday to put any questions that might delay the Bill, and so the married ladies were left in a green and yellow melancholy to sit like patience on a monument. Never has the cry of the doorkeeper, "Who goes home?" which finishes every sitting of the Commons, been more joyfully welcomed by the weary legislator! A very small proportion of the House has heard the final debates on Mr. Fowler's Bill, and this dwindling attendance was the most eloquent tribute to the exhausting strain of an unprecedented Session. Upon Ministers themselves these prolonged labours have made the least perceptible impression. Mr. Fowler has shown remarkable staying power in the midst of many trials, but even he must have heard the doorkeeper's cry with the conviction that few sweeter sounds can fall on the Ministerial ear.

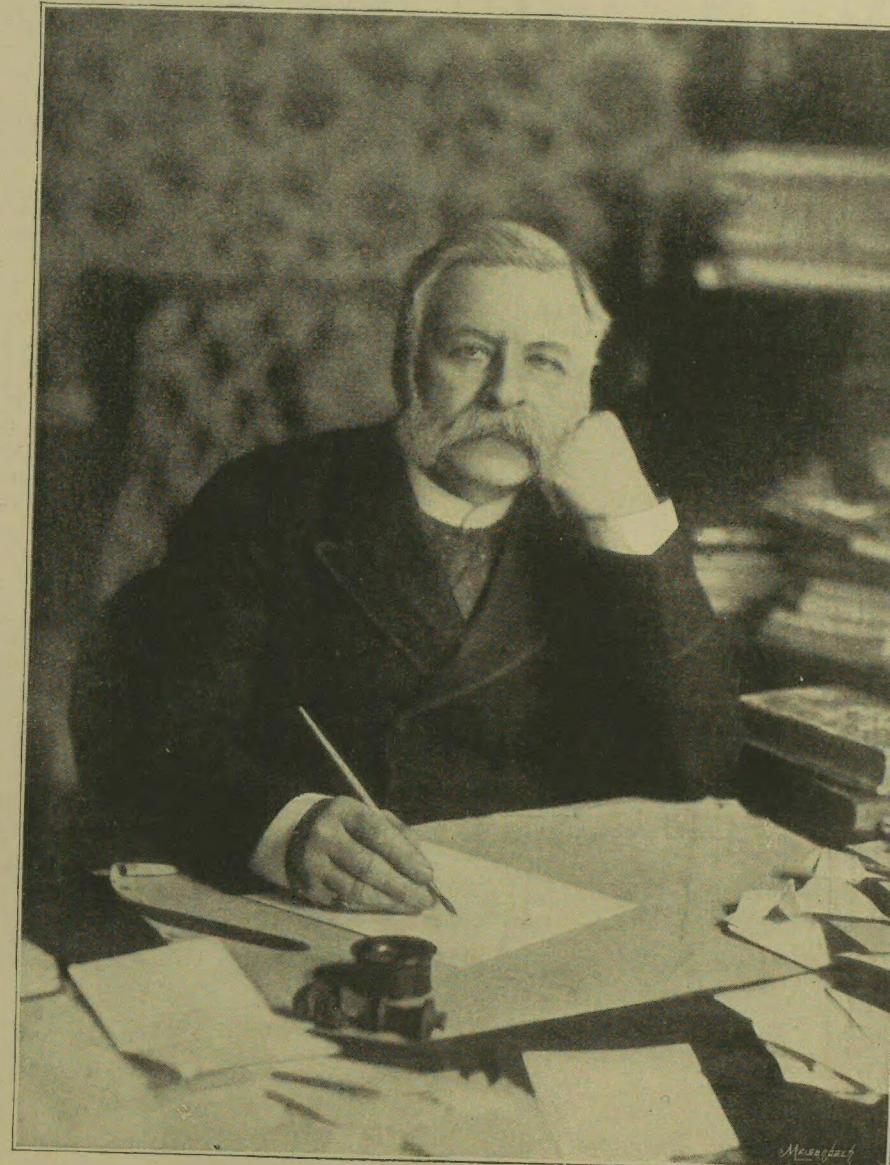
THE MILITARY BLUNDER IN WEST AFRICA.

The disastrous unintentional conflict, on Dec. 23, at Warina, in the Conno district, near the frontier of the British Sierra Leone territory in West Africa, between the troops of the British West India negro regiment, with the Sierra Leone Frontier Police, and the French Senegal colonial troops with their native auxiliaries, is regretted equally by both nations. It was unquestionably caused by a mistake on the part of the French commanding officer, Lieutenant Gaston Maxime Maritz, who, approaching the encampment of the British force by moonlight early in the morning, was led to believe that it was an encampment of the hostile natives, the Sofas, commanded by Arab chiefs, against whom the French as well as the British colonial authorities were conducting active warlike operations. Questions have been raised, on the other hand, whether the Governor of Sierra Leone, or Colonel Ellis, in general command of the military forces, had given sufficient notice to the French military authorities. It seems that the French frontier extends to ten kilomètres from the left bank of the Niger, but there is no accurate map of this region. Lieutenant Maritz, acting under the immediate command of Captain Bonvie, at the Fort of Farana and along the line

of the Niger, had marched to Warina, to attack the Sofas, with a force consisting of thirty Senegalese sharpshooters and twelve hundred native warriors. He was deceived by the bad light into supposing that the white campaigning dress worn by the British officers with the West India negro regiment was the white costume of Arab chiefs; and, thinking to surprise an encampment of the Sofas, he instantly opened fire. The British force replied to the fire; and, after fighting had continued for some time, the French retired. Lieutenant Maritz was wounded and brought into the British camp, where he died from the effect of his wounds. He was twenty-five years of age, the second son of General Maritz. Ten of the Senegalese were killed. The West India Regiment lost Lieutenant R. E. Liston, Lieutenant C. Wroughton, one sergeant-major and four privates killed, and one sergeant-major and fourteen men seriously wounded. The frontier police had Captain E. A. Lendy, Inspector-General of the Police, and two men killed, three men seriously wounded. The British force remains at Warina.

M. WADDINGTON.

The death of this distinguished man has removed a very curious and interesting link between England and France. M. Waddington was English on his grandfather's side,



THE LATE M. WADDINGTON, FORMERLY FRENCH AMBASSADOR IN LONDON.

and English by education. He was descended from Richard Pendrell, who saved the life of Charles II., a circumstance which ought to be gratefully remembered by the Chauvinists who attacked M. Waddington, seeing that his ancestor ministered indirectly to the aggrandisement of France when Charles descended to the level of a pensioner of Louis XIV. M. Waddington's father was born in England, but naturalised in France, and he himself was educated at Rugby and Cambridge. He took a brilliant degree at the University, and sustained the reputation as an athlete which he brought from the public school by rowing with the winning crew in the University Boat-race in 1846. M. Waddington's people were cotton-manufacturers at St. Rémy, where his grandfather settled after Waterloo, but the Cambridge graduate made a diversion in the family traditions by entering French politics in 1870, at the age of forty-four. He became Minister of Public Instruction, and was for a short time Prime Minister; but his political reputation was made at the Berlin Congress, where he acted as French plenipotentiary, and upheld the interests of his country, then at a low ebb of her fortunes, with a skill and tenacity which left an ineffaceable impression on his colleagues. He even bearded Prince Bismarck, not without success—an achievement which excited no small astonishment at Berlin. In 1883 M. Waddington accepted the post of Ambassador to London, and held the position for ten years, winning golden opinions from all ranks of

English society. It was the habit of his enemies and detractors in France to ascribe this to his English origin; but nobody in this country needs to be told that M. Waddington's family associations with us had absolutely nothing to do with the esteem in which we held him. He died under a cloud of disappointment, for he was defeated in his candidature for the French Senate—a defeat ascribed to nothing but the rancorous prejudice excited in the French public mind by the perverse assertion that he was unduly friendly to England. France has lost one of her ablest and most devoted servants, and it is a pity she does not understand as well as Englishmen the services he rendered her.

THE IDEAL CINDERELLA.

Well, it is no exaggeration to say that within the last few weeks Miss Ellaline Terriss has established herself as the ideal Cinderella of the fairy story. The difficulty is to forget the stage and to remember nature; to discard artificiality and to encourage simplicity. There have been hundreds of theatrical Cinderellas before Miss Terriss, pretty to look upon, pliant to pose, perfect for photography, satisfying to the eye. But our new Cinderella has as yet, thank goodness, kept her stage innocence pure and unsullied. Her pretty little artless ways, her maiden modesty, her small, plaintive little voice, her pathetic pleading air make the audience instinctively whisper, "What a little darling!" And if Cinderella were not veritably a little darling why should fairy godmothers take her under their care, and provide her with fairy clothes and fairy carriages, and make her the sweet, true little wife of the romantic prince? The stage is at once the suggester and the destroyer of imagination. But, for all that, the ideal Cinderella is Miss Ellaline Terriss.

THE IDEAL VIOLA.

There she sleeps in the exquisite moonlight, dreaming of love on the terrace of a lovely Italian garden; soft music disturbs the hush of the perfect night. A serenade, enchantingly sweet, is attuned to the silence: "Who is Sylvia? What is she?" The Sylvia of this midnight romance, wooed and serenaded by her impassioned lover, is bending over the rose-boughs to steal a kiss from the lips of an Antinous—a perfect boy. What a mystery this love is! The serenade or love-song is devised by the love-sick Duke to touch the heart of the cold, imperious Olivia—the Sylvia of his musical romance. The kiss of Olivia is for no Duke, but for the virgin lips of the romantic boy. The dream of Viola is not for the passionate Countess but for the Duke, who is wasting his heart on one who could be a sunbeam to others, an icicle to him. In that one scene we have summed up the love elements and counter-distractions of Shakspere's enchanting comedy "Twelfth Night." The play has never been more poetised for the stage than by Mr. Augustin Daly, or touched with more tenderness and grace. And side by side with a bewitching Olivia in Miss Violet Vanbrugh, we have an ideal Viola in Miss Ada Rehan. Sceptics in an unromantic age are wooed back to Shakspere with this one scene of dreamful pleasure and delight.

C. S.

The performances of M. César Thomson at the London Symphony Concert on Jan. 11 did not tend to alter the opinion expressed about his playing at the Crystal Palace six years ago. He is, if possible, a more pronounced specimen of the virtuoso type now than he was then. His technique is brilliant in the extreme, his octaves and "double-stopping" especially being remarkable for their facility, if not for invariably accurate intonation. This gift of execution he displayed to the utmost advantage in his favourite *cheval de bataille*, Paganini's *Fantaisie* on "Non più mesta," to which, if we are not mistaken, M. Thomson has added an extraordinarily long and elaborate cadenza since he played it at Sydenham in 1887. Anyhow, this showy effort completely "brought down the house" at St. James's Hall, whereas the Belgian violinist's tone and phrasing failed to please either in the first two movements of Goldmark's concerto in A minor (an exceedingly dull and uninspired novelty here) or in the charming *Adagio* of Max Bruch. The accompaniments to the foregoing works were neatly rendered by Mr. Henschel's excellent orchestra, which also gave a delightfully poetic interpretation of Schubert's "Unfinished" Symphony. Brief instrumental fragments from the "Nibelungen" opened and closed the concert.

THE SIKKIM-TIBET NEGOTIATIONS.

An event of some historical interest, taking place at Darjeeling on Dec. 5, was the signing of the Regulations to be appended to the Sikkim-Tibet Convention of 1890. These Regulations, which provide principally for the conduct of trade between Sikkim and Tibet, were signed by Mr. A. W. Paul, C.I.E., on the part of the Indian Government, and by Colonel Ho and Mr. J. H. Hart on behalf of China. Photographs were taken by Messrs. F. Kapp and Co., of Calcutta and Darjeeling. The central figure in the group is his Excellency the Chinese Ambassador in Tibet, who came to Darjeeling to conclude the negotiations, which have been proceeding for nearly four years. It is to be hoped that the arrangement now arrived at may result in steadfast friendly relations between Tibet and the outer world.

THE FATE OF MAJOR WILSON'S PARTY.

The deplorable certainty of the slaughter of Major Allan Wilson and all his comrades, a detached party of the British South Africa Chartered Company's volunteer forces employed in the Matabili War, has been confirmed by the telegrams of Jan. 13 from Capetown. Much regret is felt in England, as well as in the Cape Colony, at the death of so many brave Englishmen, who, though not belonging to the regular army, had proved themselves good soldiers, and whose family connections are known in this country. Mr. Allan Wilson, having begun life as a banker's clerk in Scotland, went to the Cape at the age of twenty, enlisted in the Cape Mounted Police, and won his promotion in the Kaffir Wars of 1878 and two following years. He afterwards served in the Basuto War, and was latterly an officer of the Bechuanaland Mounted Police, with the rank of Captain, but held that of Major in the Matabili campaign. His knowledge of different countries, native peoples, and languages in South Africa was very extensive; and as the companion of Lord Randolph Churchill's travels in that region, he has often been mentioned as an excellent guide and informant. Second to him in the ill-fated party was Captain H. J. Borrow, son of the Rev. H. J. Borrow, of Bekesbourne, Canterbury, and not over thirty years of age: he was an officer of the British South Africa Company, and was in command of the B troop of the Fort Salisbury column; he was also special correspondent of the *Times*. Returning last year from a visit to his home in England, he brought with him a young recruit, Mr. Harold Money, son of Major-General Money, of Harbledown, near Canterbury, and aged only twenty-one, who is also killed. Captain H. Greenfield, of the British South Africa Company's service, was a native of Tavistock, Devonshire, and was formerly a clerk in the West of England and South Wales Bank, afterwards in the State Bank of the Orange Free State, South Africa, next an overseer in the Kimberley diamond mines, and latterly a storekeeper in Mashonaland. Lieutenant George Hughes was son of a Wesleyan



Mr. Tai. Mr. Greer. Mr. Hsiu. Mr. Paul. Mr. Kwei Hwan. Mr. Hart. Colonel Ho. Mr. Taylor. Mr. Sun.

SIGNATORIES OF THE SIKKIM-TIBET CONVENTION.

Methodist minister in Queen's County, Ireland, and his brother is an Inspector of Irish schools. Mr. F. L. Vogel, a private of the British South Africa Company's troops, was a son of Sir Julius Vogel, K.C.M.G., formerly Prime Minister of New Zealand, and subsequently Agent-General for that colony in London. Mr. H. Tuck was a son of Mr. W. H. Tuck, formerly of Bath, and nephew to Mr. S. P. Budd, surgeon, of that city. The names of the other known members of Major Wilson's party are W. Berkley, H. Kinloch, Percy Nunn,

W. Abbot, W. Britton, L. Broch, W. Bath, G. Mackenzie, T. Watson, L. Lewis, F. Colquhoun, H. Hellet, A. Robertson, J. Robertson, Harold Brown, C. Bradbourn, Cronley Dillon, L. Harding, Thomson, Meiklejohn, Devos, Fitzgerald, Judd, Kirton, Hofmeyr, and Welby. There were five captains: Borrow, Fitzgerald, Judd, Greenfield, and Kirton; two lieutenants: Hughes and Hofmeyr; four sergeants and two corporals. They were surrounded by an immense force of Matabili, but defended themselves to the last, when all were killed.



THE LATE MAJOR ALLAN WILSON AND HIS COMRADES, SLAIN IN THE MATABILI WAR.

From a Photograph by an Officer of the Fort Victoria Column.



French Senegal Tirailleur bugler.



Sofa Chiefs.



Private British West Indian Regiment.



KEMO-BALLEY, Head chief of the Sofas.

PERSONAL.

Lord Willoughby de Eresby, who has won a notable victory for his party in the Horncastle Division of Lincolnshire, is the heir of the Earl of Ancaster, Great Chamberlain of the House of Lords. Hitherto Lord Willoughby has taken no part in political life except in his unsuccessful contest of the seat at Boston which was won by Sir William Ingram at the General Election.

The new member for Horncastle is in his twenty-seventh year, and his success is the cause of much rejoicing in the Opposition camp, where the verdict of an agricultural constituency at the present juncture was awaited with anxiety. Lord Willoughby has bettered Mr. Stanhope's majority by a hundred votes, his opponent, Mr. Torr, polling only forty-four votes more than the Liberal candidate at the previous election. With a majority of 838, the Horncastle Conservatives have little to fear from the effects of the Parish Councils Bill on the rural mind. On the other hand Mr. Torr was scarcely an ideal candidate for the Liberals, his views on several questions being remote from those entertained by the great bulk of his party. Lord Willoughby makes the twentieth member of the House of Commons who will one day vacate his seat on his accession to the Peerage.

M. Clovis Hugues, the French poet-deputé, who has lately taken up the cudgels on behalf of the Anarchist Vaillant, is a leonine-looking individual; and in his adventurous life of fifty-two years has been able to boast of many strange adventures. He became a journalist at the age of eighteen, and soon signalised himself by the violence and audacity of his political writings. He is one of the few members of the French Chamber who have "served their time," for in 1871 he was judged and condemned to three years' imprisonment by a Council of War for an article published by him in a paper called *La Fraternité*. Notwithstanding many efforts made by his friends, no pardon was granted him, and he only came out of prison towards the end of the year 1875. Two years later Clovis Hugues' name came again prominently before the public in connection with a duel fought by him and a brother journalist. M. Hugues unfortunately killed his adversary, and had to take refuge in Italy. He came back to give himself up to the authorities, was tried, and acquitted on Feb. 22, 1878. Clovis Hugues entered Parliamentary life some twelve years ago, and has since always sat with the Extreme Left. In the autumn of 1884 all Europe rang with the name and personality of Madame Clovis Hugues, who, taking the law into her own hands, shot dead a certain M. Morice, who had long pestered and persecuted her with unwelcome attentions and attempted blackmail. Public sympathy was on the side of the lady, and she was acquitted amid great demonstrations of approval and respect. M. Clovis Hugues is a better poet than politician, and his volumes of verse, "Poèmes de Prison," "La petite Muse," &c., have given him a good place in the French Parnassus.

One of the most influential clergymen of North London, the Rev. Gordon Calthrop, a Prebendary of St. Paul's Cathedral, died, on Jan. 13, at Highbury, where he had been thirty years Vicar of St. Augustine's Church, in Highbury New Park.

He was a distinguished classical scholar of Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1847, and for some time, after taking holy orders, was incumbent of Trinity Church at Cheltenham, but came to London accepting the charge of a new suburban congregation assembled in an iron temporary chapel, when house-building commenced in what is now a populous and important district. Mr. Gordon Calthrop was an acceptable and impressive preacher, and more than once delivered the appointed sermons at his University, besides maintaining his reputation in London. He was author of a Commentary on St. John's Gospel, and of other religious publications.

The noble pianoforte quintet in F minor of Johannes Brahms was revived at the Popular Concert of Saturday afternoon, Jan. 13, and listened to with intense enjoyment by a large audience. It was played instead of the still less familiar

pianoforte quartet in C minor, Op. 60, which ought nevertheless, to be given before the end of the present season, as it has not been heard at the "Pops" since it was first introduced in 1876. The executants in the quintet were Lady Hallé, Messrs. Borwick, Rees, Gibson, and Piatti: while the talented pianist was also heard in a delightful rendering of Grieg's Ballade in G minor, Op. 24. On the succeeding Monday the programme opened with Saint-Saëns's pianoforte quartet in B flat, Op. 41, which clever and characteristic work received a spirited interpretation at the hands of Miss Fanny Davies, Lady Hallé, Mr. Gibson, and Signor Piatti. The piano solo of the evening was Schumann's "Humoreske," Op. 20, which "ingenious and curious mosaic in music" has rarely, if ever, been heard here in its entirety. It was performed with exquisite taste and delicacy of sentiment by Miss Fanny Davies, and the popular artist had to respond to the demand for an encore. The vocalists at these two concerts were Mr. Norman Salmon and Madame Emily Squire, the latter acting as substitute for Miss Lucile Hill, who was indisposed.

The late Dean of Lincoln, the Very Rev. W. J. Butler, was nearly forty years Vicar of Wantage, in Berkshire, and

was long one of the most zealous and efficient clerical co-operators with Bishop Samuel Wilberforce in the work of organising High Church institutions and agencies in the diocese of Oxford, as well as in the training of curates on Anglican High Church principles.

The affairs of Cuddesdon College and of the Clewer Sisterhood occupied much of his attention, and proved his ability in reconciling adverse views among promoters and managers, with the general reliance upon his sound judgment of a practical settlement of disputed points, which is a valuable talent in any office, but especially in that of an English clergyman. Dr. Butler was a leading member of the Lower House of Convocation. He was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, became Vicar of Wantage in 1846, and in 1872 was appointed an honorary Canon of Christ Church, Oxford. He was a Canon of Worcester Cathedral from 1880, and in 1885 obtained the deanery of Lincoln. While Vicar of Wantage, he established the Sisterhood of St. Mary at that place, and took much interest in the employment of female religious agencies.

An eminent Professor of the Belgian University of Louvain, M. Pierre Van Beneden, has died

at the age of eighty-four. He may be esteemed one of the founders of the modern doctrines of zoology in Europe, and his reputation was widely acknowledged. He was one of the eight foreign corresponding Associates of the French Institute, a Fellow of the Royal Society of London, and the value of his researches was

recognised in our own country by Professors Huxley, Flower, St. George Mivart, and E. Ray Lankester. During the long period of fifty-seven years Professor Van Beneden conducted the teaching of zoology, comparative anatomy, and palaeontology at the University of Louvain, and wrote many important works. He also established the marine aquarium and observatory at Ostend.

Lady Jeune has been entertaining the readers of the *North American Review* with an account of London dinners, not the meals of the average and unassuming man, but the feasts of fashionable society. It is natural that so vivacious and experienced a hostess should have something to say about the composition of dinner parties. There is no greater mistake than to crowd the board with "celebrities." As they are desperately afraid of giving points to one another, there is very little conversation, and dullness broods over the table. Lady Jeune remarks that at London dinners champagne is now the only wine. It has entirely superseded claret, and is drunk even at dessert, to the great discontent of connoisseurs of old port. One result of this custom is that far less wine is drunk now than was commonly consumed at London tables in former days. A man is content with two or three glasses of champagne instead of the bottle or two of port without which his grandfather could not have dined at all. The more modern usage is thus a minister of temperance, even if it has no other commendation.

The friends of missionary work everywhere will learn with regret of the sudden death of Bishop Hill (of the Niger) and of his wife. The Bishop was a man of simple tastes and of devoted life. He had no wish to be a bishop, and when the bishopric of Western Equatorial Africa was pressed upon him, he accepted it only with great reluctance. Yet he was the man of all others for the post, which was one needing

much delicacy and tact. On the death of Bishop Crowther, the African bishop of the Niger, the native clergy and leaders were earnest in their endeavours to secure the succession to one of their own colour. The Church Missionary Society, with whom the nomination rests, took a different view, however, and, for amply sufficient reasons, decided to recommend a European for the appointment. On the recommendation of the well-known missioner, the Rev. Hay Aitken, the society nominated the Rev. Joseph Sidney Hill to the bishopric, and the Archbishop of Canterbury accepted the nomination. With that statesmanship which the Archbishop always brings to bear even upon the smallest details of his important office, his Grace decided that Mr. Hill should go out to the Niger before consecration as his Grace's commissary to make inquiry. That was some twelve or fifteen months ago. Mr. Hill found that there was much bitter hostility in the minds of the natives towards their English critics, and, if it had been expedient, he would have resigned in favour of a native bishop. But before he finished his tour of inquiry the attitude of the natives changed. They found in Mr. Hill a warm-hearted and sympathetic friend, and expressed their willingness to receive him. His report to the Archbishop was of a most complete character, and recommended, among other things, the appointment of two native assistant bishops. The Archbishop expressed his entire agreement, and on St. Peter's Day, June 29, 1893, in St. Paul's Cathedral, Bishop Hill was consecrated Bishop of the Church of England in Western Equatorial Africa, and Bishop Phillips and Bishop Oluwole were consecrated as assistants, all three having previously received the degree of D.D. from the University of Durham. The party sailed for West Africa some six weeks ago, and the future of the Niger Mission (so sadly crippled and weakened by the experience of recent years) seemed to be full of promise. Bishop Hill had a plan for penetrating the Soudan, and he thought he saw ways of greatly extending the usefulness of the Mission. But the cruel hand of Death has cut him down even before he has begun his work, and with him the companion and help-meet for some eighteen years of all his missionary tours has also been taken to her rest. Bishop Hill was in his forty-third year.

The late Right Rev. Joseph Sidney Hill, D.D., was born at Barnack, near Stamford. Before deciding to enter holy orders he was in business for a time, but in 1873, shortly after attaining his majority, he entered the C.M.S. College at Islington, and was ordained in 1876. Curiously enough, his first field of labour was West Africa, but the climate did not agree with him, and he had to come home after only a few months' work. But he did not stay in England long. He joined the New Zealand Mission, and worked in that colony for some twelve years, devoting his attention principally to the young, the sailors, and the prisoners. He came to England finally in 1890, and, after serving on Mr. Hay Aitken's staff as a parochial missioner of some power, he again offered himself to the Church Missionary Society and begged to

be sent back to West Africa. In the meantime the bishopric fell vacant and Mr. Hill, to his intense surprise, was asked to accept it. He placed himself entirely in the hands of the society, with what result we already know. In his death the Church of England has lost a noble and generous-minded

bishop, the Church Missionary Society a devoted worker, and Africa a man who loved, and has cheerfully laid down his life for, the people.

We regret that in our account of the late Miss Tucker (A.L.O.E.), it was stated that she was sent to India by the Church Missionary Society. Miss Tucker's work was done under the auspices of the Church of England Zenana Missionary Society.



Photo by Caleb Smith, Lincoln.
LORD WILLOUGHBY DE ERESBY.

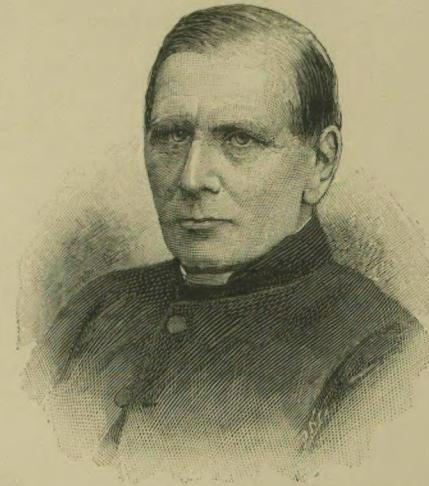


Photo by Russell and Sons.
THE LATE VERY REV. W. J. BUTLER, DEAN OF LINCOLN.



Photo by F. Le Bon.
THE LATE PROFESSOR VAN BENEDEEN.

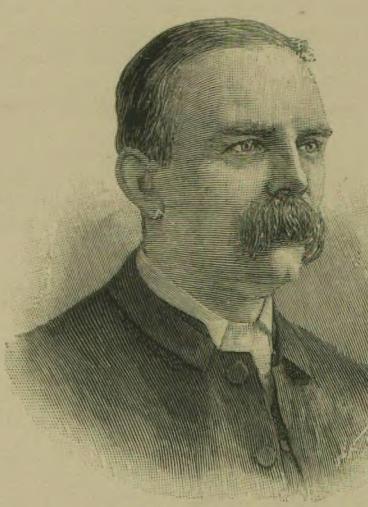


Photo by T. C. Turner, Barnsbury Park.
THE LATE RIGHT REV. JOSEPH SIDNEY HILL.



Photo by T. C. Turner, Barnsbury Park.
THE LATE MRS. HILL.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen is at Osborne House, Isle of Wight, accompanied by Princess Henry of Battenberg, and has been visited by Prince and Princess Louis of Battenberg, by Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, the Duke and Duchess of Teck, and the Hereditary Princess of Saxe-Meiningen.

Sunday, Jan. 14, was the second anniversary of the lamented death of the Duke of Clarence and Avondale. The Prince and Princess of Wales, with Princesses Victoria and Maud and the Duke and Duchess of York, attended Divine service at Sandringham.

Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, with their daughter, Mrs. Drew, Mr. Armitstead, and Lord Acton, left London on Saturday morning, Jan. 13, for Biarritz, where they arrived at eight o'clock on Sunday morning, and will stay three weeks.

The receipts on account of revenue from April 1, 1893, when there was a balance of £5,082,535, to Jan. 13, 1894, were £63,235,496, against £65,245,947 in the corresponding period of the preceding financial year, which began with a balance of £6,255,169. The net expenditure was £72,390,271, against £72,870,324 in the previous year.

A memorial in favour of a "democratic Budget," advocating graduated death duties, progressive graduation of the income tax, and abandonment or modification of the policy of grants in aid of local and municipal revenues, has been presented to the Chancellor of the Exchequer. It is signed by ninety-four Radical members of the House of Commons. Sir William Harcourt promises it the most careful and respectful consideration.

The result of the polling for the Horncastle Division of Lincolnshire was declared on Jan. 12. Lord Willoughby de Eresby (Conservative) was returned, having received 4582 votes against 3744 for Mr. H. J. Torr (Gladstonian). This leaves the political representation unchanged.

The memorandum published by the Labour Department of the Board of Trade indicates general depression in the skilled industries during December, the percentage of unemployed having risen as compared with the previous month, though it was not so high as in the corresponding period of 1892.

The Miners' Federation of Great Britain opened their annual conference at Leicester on Jan. 16, when the Mayor welcomed the delegates, and invited them to dine with him. In accepting the invitation it was stated that such a recognition had never before been extended to them.

The new Coal-miners' Conciliation Board at Westminster held its second meeting on Jan. 15 to discuss its rules of procedure. Mr. A. M. Chambers presided. The Board adjourned to Feb. 13.

At a meeting of the Metropolitan Board Teachers' Association, on Jan. 13, a resolution was adopted expressing an earnest hope that the School Board would not sanction any inquiry, either by committees of the Board or by groups of local managers, into the religious beliefs of teachers entering or while in the service of the Board.

The first ship laden with cotton, a steam-ship of nearly 2000 tons, arrived on Jan. 15 in the Manchester Ship Canal.

The French Anarchist dynamiter Vaillant, who threw the bomb into the Chamber of Deputies, has made an appeal against his sentence, and it will come before the Cour de Cassation. M. Clémenceau continues his revelations as to the state of the French Navy; he has published some official letters from Admiral Rieunier, late Minister of Marine, to the Maritime Prefect of Toulon, commenting sharply on the neglected condition of the commissariat stores.

The Prussian Landtag, or Parliament, was opened at Berlin on Jan. 16 by the German Emperor, whose speech dwelt upon financial deficiencies. The difficulties from the increasing demands made by the Empire upon the individual States could only be obviated by a reorganisation of the financial affairs of the Empire, and by an adequate increase of its resources. The Government continued its efforts to promote the prosperity of agriculture, and to effect requisite changes in the laws relating to landed property, and loans to landowners; for these objects, Chambers of Agriculture would be established.

The Italian Government has issued a decree for a general disarmament in Sicily. It prohibits the introduction into the island of all descriptions of firearms, and orders all citizens who have such weapons in their possession to give them up to the police authorities. On Jan. 13 there was a serious riot near Carrara, and troops were sent to the locality from Leghorn and Pisa. The Italian soldiers, on Jan. 16, fought a band of rioters at Torano, and killed eight of them.

The customary New Year's Day reception and other ceremonies at the Imperial Court at St. Petersburg

have been rather suddenly countermanded. No official reason is given for this step, but it is believed to be due to the indisposition of the Empress and of the Czar's third son, the Grand Duke Michael.

The Russian Mediterranean naval squadron is at Piraeus, the port of Athens. The Russian Government has demanded of Greece the right of access to certain naval stores deposited at Poros.

The news from West Africa is that a large body of Sofas were defeated on Dec. 28 at Gaia by a detachment of Sierra Leone frontier police and some native auxiliaries under Sub-Inspector Taylor. The loss of the Sofas is reported at 250 killed and 150 taken prisoners.

From Uganda there is news to Sept. 7, describing further conflicts between the Mohammedans and the Protestants, while the Roman Catholics took no part in the fighting. In the end, the Mohammedans yielded, their leaders having fled, leaving the smaller chiefs and Bakopi to settle down where they like. As a result, some of them have gone to the Roman Catholics and some to the Protestants. The disputed portion of the country has been nominally divided into three parts—the Katambola being assigned to the Mohammedans, the Kitunzi to the Protestants, and the Kisuji to the Roman Catholics.

The conference at Cape Town between Mr. Cecil Rhodes, on behalf of the British South Africa Company, and the High Commissioner, Sir Henry Loch, with regard to the settlement of Matabililand is stated to have resulted in a satisfactory agreement for making grants of land to the natives.

The Queen has sent a telegram expressing her grief at the massacre of Major Wilson's party in the Matabili War. From the latest account, dated Jan. 15, it seems that the party reached the King's wagons, and, after a small fight,

THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

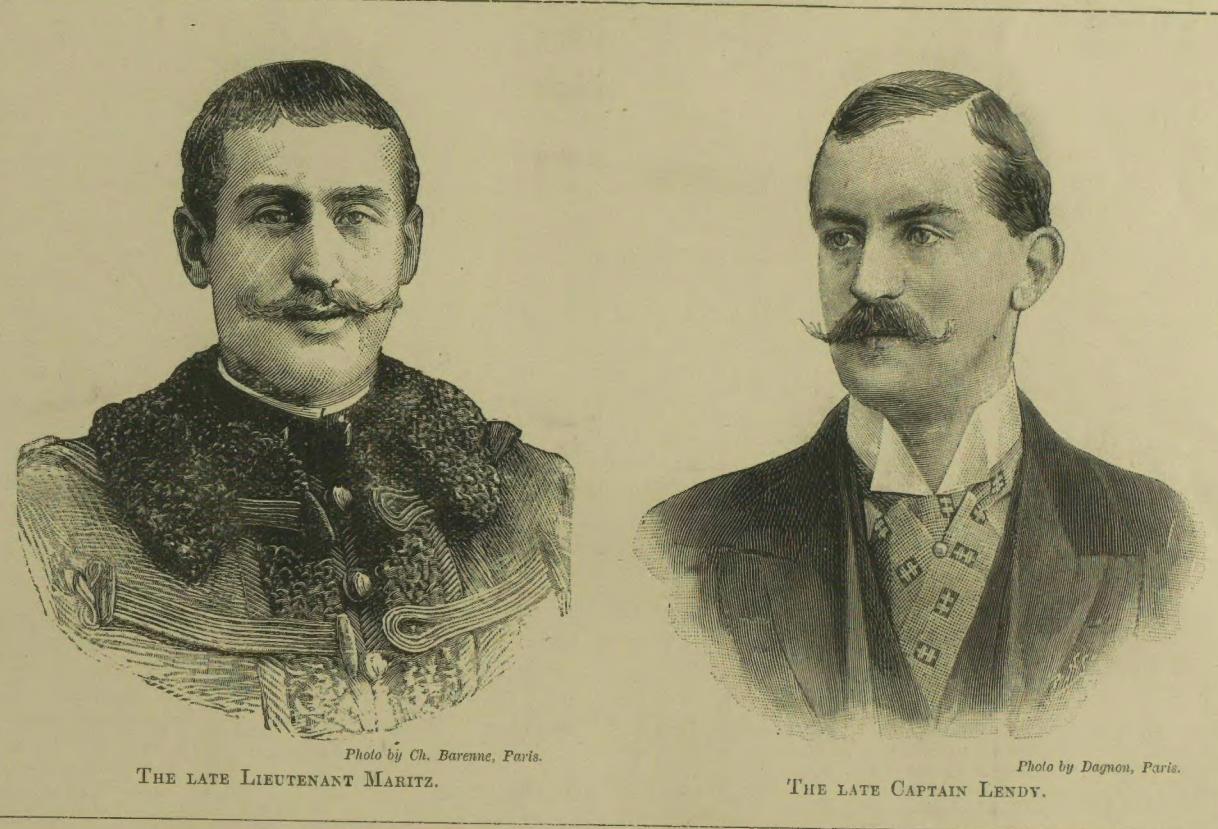
It was a pity, of course, that the production of Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night" at Daly's Theatre was so long delayed in London. I happened by accident to see it at Chicago in the early spring. I wrote about it at the time in the Chicago papers, to which I was courteously and generously admitted as a confrère, describing plays and players there just as I should do at home, without jealousy or hindrance except in very insignificant and unworthy quarters, and by mistaken enthusiasts who imagined that an observer who was hospitably treated as a reviewer of plays and a student of dramatic literature was bound in honour to be a thick-and-thin, out-and-out, bull-dog, tooth-and-nail supporter of the World's Fair. What on earth the success or non-success of the World's Fair, or the childish insolence of the Columbian Guards, or the utter lack of management and system when the doors were opened, or the ruin of a stupendous enterprise for the want of an autocratic head, or the greatest proof that the world has ever known of the truth of the proverb that too many cooks spoil the broth, had to do with a writer's records of the actors and actresses he has seen and criticised I never could accurately ascertain. All I know is that to praise the Chicago Exhibition meant that you were a genius, and to criticise it in any detail implied that you were a born fool. At any rate, when I visited the theatres of Chicago—the model theatres of the world—and when I praised the *Viola* of Ada Rehan, and the Henry Beauclerc of Charles Coghlan, and the graceful and sympathetic art of Mr. Sol Smith Russell—who, I trust, will come over to England some day—one of the "gentlemen" of the Chicago press signed his name to an article which, had it been written in this country, would have given him the time to leave off criticising plays and study instead the interior economy of Holloway Prison: but it pleased him and it did not hurt me.

The spring has changed to summer, the summer to autumn, the autumn to winter, the Chicago Exhibition, or all that is left of it, has been exposed to the elements of fire, wind, and water, and long after it is forgotten, despite its superb design and grandiose architectural effect, Miss Ada Rehan will go on playing *Viola*, and Mr. Charles Coghlan will, when he gets the chance, play Henry Beauclerc as the part has never been played before, and Mr. Sol Smith Russell will charm the sensitive public with his performance in Clyde Fitch's "April Weather."

However, Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night" has been produced, Miss Ada Rehan has made the conspicuous success as *Viola* that I humbly ventured to anticipate, and when the unhappy time comes for saying good-bye, which we shall all do with regret, to our American friends, I hear that this beautiful theatre will be occupied by Eleanora Duse, Sarah Bernhardt, and, happily, Regnani, until

the time comes for the reappearance of the gifted Ada Rehan.

I do not want to pose as the schoolmaster; but already I see signs of an inclination on the part of our "young friends" to pose as the discoverers of foreign talent and as advocates for free trade in art. This will not do at all. This big fight was fought out twenty-five years ago. It is too late in the day to put on a smug face and to imply that foreign art had been neglected in this country until the name of Eleanora Duse was tossed about as a play-ball. It has not been neglected—nay, it has been systematically encouraged since the year 1860. There was a time when foreign artists were hooted from the stage, save at the old St. James's Theatre, where the aristocracy of London were permitted to see *Rachel* and *Devrient*. But the democracy woke up to their rights about 1860, and now I do not believe there is better all-round acting to be found in any country in the world than in England. It is a little too childish to allude to the second advent of Eleanora Duse as a revelation in the annals of dramatic free trade, and to ask the public to believe that at last we are becoming liberal. Why, have we not seen since 1860 Stella Colas, the French-Russian Juliet; and Charles Fechter, the French-English Hamlet and Iago; and Salvini and Rossi, the Italian Othello and Lear; and Ristori, older in art than them all; and Aimée Desclée, the most soul-inspired modern actress I have ever seen; and Sara Bernhardt, the one genius of her time; and Favart, and Delaunay, and Lafont, whose memories can never die; and countless others from every stage in the world? No sane man can endure the affectation of parading Eleanora Duse as an example of England's sudden liberality to cosmopolitan art when we have had Jefferson and Booth from America, and Barnay and Janauschik from Germany, and the Dutch players from the Hague and Amsterdam. No; let us welcome Duse again and Bernhardt again, and as many more great artists who live and endure who have delighted us these thirty years past; but for goodness' sake let there be no more of this prattle that implies how Eleanora Duse has made England liberal towards foreign artists!



FRENCH AND ENGLISH OFFICERS KILLED BY THE MILITARY BLUNDER IN WEST AFRICA.

See "Our Illustrations."

retreated in the direction of Major Forbes's column, when they were attacked by the Iniswa, Insukamani, and Inyati regiments. The Matabili chiefs said: "Let us leave the men with the machine-guns. We cannot stand against them. Let us attack the men with horses." Then they surrounded Major Wilson's men, who fought six hours, killing numbers of the enemy, but finally exhausted all their ammunition. On the cessation of the firing the Matabili approached closer, and found the Englishmen, most of whom were wounded, writing farewell messages to their relatives and friends. The Matabili then charged, and Major Wilson's little band drew their revolvers in a last effort to withstand the onrush of the enemy, but all was soon over.

TITLEPAGE AND INDEX.

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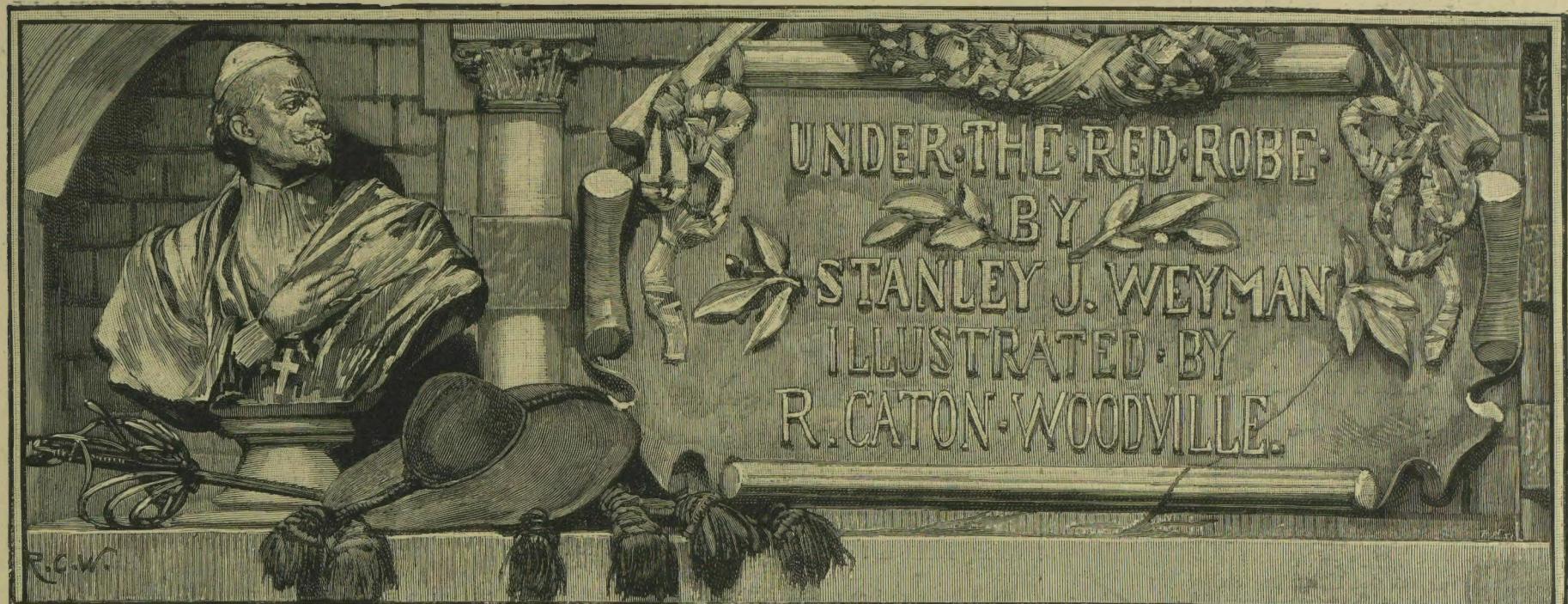
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"LITTLE BO-PEEP."—BY N. PRESCOTT-DAVIES, R.B.A.

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CHAPTER III.

THE HOUSE IN THE WOOD.

My words fairly startled the three men out of their anger. For a moment they glared at me as if they had seen a ghost. Then the wine-merchant clapped his hand on the table. "That is enough!" he said, with a look at his companions. "I think there can be no mistake about that. As damnable treason as ever I heard whispered! I congratulate you, Sir, on your boldness. As for you," he continued, turning with an ugly sneer to the landlord, "I shall know now the company you keep! I was not aware that my wine wet whistles to such a tune!"

But if he was startled, the innkeeper was furious, seeing his character thus taken away; and, being at no time a man of many words, he vented his rage exactly in the way I wished. In a twinkling he raised such an uproar as can scarcely be conceived. With a roar like a bull's he ran headlong at the table, and overturned it on the top of me. The woman saved the lamp and fled with it into a corner, whence she and the man from the Château watched the skirmish in silence; but the pewter cups and platters flew spinning across the floor, while the table pinned me to the ground among the ruins of my stool. Having me at this disadvantage—for at first I made no resistance—the landlord began to belabour me with the first thing he snatched up, and when I tried to defend myself cursed me with each blow for a treacherous rogue and a vagrant. Meanwhile, the three merchants, delighted with the turn things had taken, skipped round us laughing; and now hounded him on, now bantered me with "How is that for the Duke of Orléans?" and "How now, traitor?"

When I thought this had lasted long enough—or, to speak more plainly, when I could stand the innkeeper's drubbing no longer—I threw him off by a great effort, and struggled to my feet. But still, though the blood was trickling down my face, I refrained from drawing my sword. I caught up instead a leg of the stool which lay handy, and, watching my opportunity, dealt the landlord a shrewd blow under the ear, which laid him out in a moment on the wreck of his own table.

"Now!" I cried, brandishing my new weapon, which fitted the hand to a nicety, "come on! Come on, if you dare to strike a blow, you peddling, truckling, huckstering knaves! A fig for you and your shaveling Cardinal!"

The red-faced wine-merchant drew his sword in a one-two. "Why, you drunken fool," he said wrathfully, "put that stick down, or I will spit you like a lark!"

"Lark in your teeth!" I cried, staggering as if the wine were in my head. "Another word, and I—"

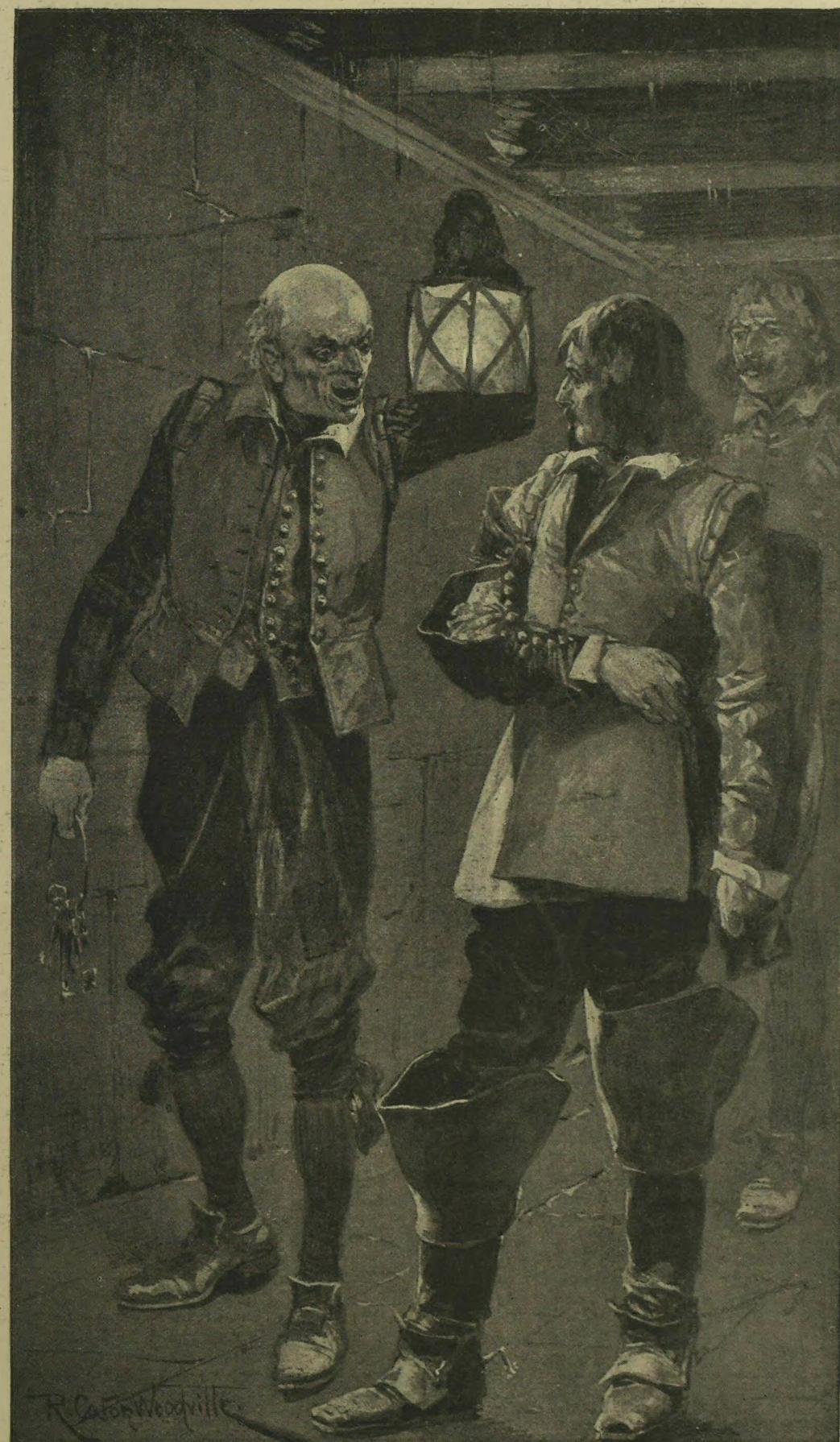
He made a couple of savage passes at me, but in a twinkling his sword flew across the room.

"Voilà!" I shouted, lurching forward, as if I had luck and not skill to thank for it. "Now the next! Come on, come on—you white-livered knaves!" And, pretending a drunken frenzy, I flung my weapon bodily amongst them, and seizing the nearest, began to wrestle with him.

In a moment they all threw themselves upon me, and, swearing copiously, bore me back to the door. The wine-merchant cried breathlessly to the woman to open it, and in a twinkling they had me through it and halfway across the road. The one thing I feared was a knife-thrust in the mêlée; but I had to run that risk, and the men were honest enough, and thinking me drunk, indulgent. In a trice I found myself on my back in the dirt, with my head humming; and heard the bars of the door fall noisily into their places.

I got up and went to the door, and, to play out my part hammered on it frantically; crying out to them to let me in. But the three travellers only jeered at me, and the landlord, coming to the window, with his head bleeding, shook his fist at me and cursed me for a mischief-maker.

Baffled in this, I retired to a log which lay in the road a few paces from the house, and sat down on it to await events. With torn clothes and bleeding face, hatless and covered with dirt, I was in scarcely better case than my opponent. It was raining too, and the dripping branches swayed over my head. The wind was in the south—the coldest quarter.



We reached the end of the corridor, and there for an instant the monster with the keys paused and grinned at me.

I began to feel chilled and dispirited. If my scheme failed, I had forfeited roof and bed to no purpose, and placed future progress out of the question. It was a critical moment.

But at last that happened for which I had been looking. The door swung open a few inches, and a man came noiselessly out; the door was quickly barred behind him. He stood a moment, waiting on the threshold and peering into the gloom; and seemed to expect to be attacked. Finding himself unmolested, however, and all quiet, he went off steadily down the street—towards the Château.

I let a couple of minutes go by, and then I followed. I had no difficulty in hitting on the track at the end of the street, but when I had once plunged into the wood, I found myself in darkness so intense that I soon strayed from the path, and fell over roots, and tore my clothes with thorns, and lost my temper twenty times before I found the path again. However, I gained the bridge at last, and caught sight of a light twinkling before me. To make for it across the meadow and terrace was an easy task; yet when I had reached the door and had hammered upon it, I was in so sorry a plight that I sank down, and had no need to play a part or pretend to be worse than I was.

For a long time no one answered. The dark house towering above me remained silent. I could hear, mingled with the throbings of my heart, the steady croaking of the frogs in a pond near the stables; but no other sound. In a frenzy of impatience and disgust I stood up again and hammered, kicking with my heels on the nail-studded door, and crying out desperately, "A moi! A moi!"

Then, or a moment later, I heard a remote door opened; footsteps as of more than one person drew near. I raised my voice and cried again, "A moi!"

"Who is there?" a voice asked.

"A gentleman in distress," I answered piteously, moving my hands across the door. "For God's sake open and let me in. I am hurt, and dying of cold."

"What brings you here?" the voice asked sharply. Despite its turtleness, I fancied it was a woman's.

"Heaven knows!" I answered desperately. "I cannot tell. They maltreated me at the inn, and threw me into the street. I crawled away, and have been wandering in the wood for hours. Then I saw a light here."

Thereon, some muttering took place on the other side of the door, to which I had my ear. It ended in the bars being lowered. The door swung partly open and a light shone out, dazzling me. I tried to shade my eyes with my fingers, and as I did so fancied I heard a murmur of pity. But when I looked in under screen of my hand I saw only one person—the man who held the light, and his aspect was so strange, so terrifying, that, shaken as I was by fatigue, I recoiled a step.

He was a tall and very thin man, meanly dressed in a short scanty jacket and well-darned hose. Unable, for some reason, to bind his neck, he carried his head with a strange stiffness.

And that head! Never did living man show a face so like death. His forehead was bald and white, his cheek-bones stood out under the strained skin, all the lower part of his face fell in, his jaws receded, his cheeks were hollow, his lips and chin were thin and fleshless. He seemed to have only one expression—a fixed grin.

While I stood looking at this formidable creature he made a quick motion to shut the door again, smiling more widely. I had the presence of mind to thrust in my foot, and, before he could resent the act, a voice in the background cried: "For shame, Clon! Stand back. Stand back, do you hear? I am afraid, Monsieur, that you are hurt."

The last words were my welcome to that house; and, spoken at an hour and in circumstances so gloomy, they made a lasting impression. Round the hall ran a gallery, and this, the height of the apartment, and the dark panelling seemed to swallow up the light. I stood within the entrance (as it seemed to me) of a huge cave; the skull-headed porter had the air of an ogre. Only the voice which greeted me dispelled the illusion. I turned trembling towards the quarter whence it came, and, shading my eyes, made out a woman's form standing in a doorway under the gallery. A second figure, which I took to be that of the servant I had seen at the inn, loomed uncertainly beside her.

I bowed in silence. My teeth were chattering. I was faint without feigning, and felt a kind of terror, hard to explain, at the sound of this woman's voice.

"One of our people has told me about you," she continued, speaking out of the darkness. "I am sorry that this has happened to you here, but I am afraid that you were indiscreet."

"I take all the blame, Madame," I answered humbly. "I ask only shelter for the night."

"The time has not yet come when we cannot give our friends that!" she answered with noble courtesy. "When it does, Monsieur, we shall be homeless ourselves."

I shivered, looking anywhere but at her; for I had not sufficiently pictured this scene of my arrival—I had not foreseen its details; and now I took part in it I felt a miserable meanness weigh me down. I had never from the first liked the work! But, I had had no choice. And I had no choice now. Luckily, the guise in which I came, my fatigue, and wound were a sufficient mark, or I should have incurred suspicion at once. For I am sure that if ever in this world a brave man wore a hang-dog air, or Gil de Berault fell below himself, it was then and there—on Madame de Cocheforêt's threshold, with her welcome sounding in my ears.

One, I think, did suspect me. Clon, the porter, continued to hold the door obstinately ajar and to eye me with grinning spite, until his mistress, with some sharpness, bade him drop the bars, and conduct me to a room.

"Do you go also, Louis," she continued, speaking to the man beside her, "and see this gentleman comfortably disposed. I am sorry," she added, addressing me in the graceful

tone she had before used, and I thought I could see her heal bend in the darkness, "that our present circumstances do not permit us to welcome you more fitly, Monsieur. But the troubles of the times—however, you will excuse what is lacking. Until to-morrow, I have the honour to bid you good-night."

"Good-night, Madame," I stammered, trembling. I had not been able to distinguish her face in the gloom of the doorway, but her voice, her greeting, her presence unmanned me. I was troubled and perplexed; I had not spirit to kick a dog. I followed the two servants from the hall without heeding how we went; nor was it until we came to a full stop at a door in a white-washed corridor, and it was forced upon me that something was in question between my two conductors that I began to take notice.

Then I saw that one of them, Louis, wished to lodge me here where we stood. The porter, on the other hand, who held the keys, would not. He did not speak a word, nor did the other—and this gave a queer ominous character to the debate; but he continued to jerk his head towards the farther end of the corridor; and, at last, he carried his point. Louis shrugged his shoulders, and moved on, glancing askance at me; and I, not understanding the matter in debate, followed the pair in silence.

We reached the end of the corridor, and there for an instant the monster with the keys paused and grinned at me. Then he turned into a narrow passage on the left, and after following it for some paces, halted before a small, strong door. His key jarred in the lock, but he forced it shrieking round, and with a savage flourish threw the door open.

I walked in and saw a mean, bare chamber with barred windows. The floor was indifferently clean, there was no furniture. The yellow light of the lanthorn falling on the stained walls gave the place the look of a dungeon. I turned to the two men. "This is not a very good room," I said. "And it feels damp. Have you no other?"

Louis looked doubtfully at his companion. But the porter shook his head stubbornly.

"Why does he not speak?" I asked with impatience.

"He is dumb," Louis answered.

"Dumb," I exclaimed. "But he hears."

"He has ears," the servant answered drily. "But he has no tongue, Monsieur."

I shuddered. "How did he lose it?" I asked.

"At Rochelle. He was a spy, and the King's people took him the day the town surrendered. They spared his life, but cut out his tongue."

"Ah!" I said. I wished to say more, to be natural, to show myself at my ease. But the porter's eyes seemed to burn into me, and my own tongue clove to the roof of my mouth. He opened his lips and pointed to his throat with a horrid gesture, and I shook my head and turned from him—"You can let me have some bedding?" I murmured hastily, for the sake of saying something, and to escape.

"Of course, Monsieur," Louis answered. "I will fetch some."

He went away, thinking doubtless that Clon would stay with me. But after waiting a minute the porter strode off also with the lanthorn, leaving me to stand in the middle of the damp, dark room and reflect on the position. It was plain that Clon suspected me. This prison-like room, with its barred window, at the back of the house, and in the wing farthest from the stables, proved so much. Clearly, he was a dangerous fellow, of whom I must beware. I had just begun to wonder how Madame could keep such a monster in her house, when I heard his step returning. He came in, lighting Louis, who carried a small pallet and a bundle of coverings.

The dumb man had, besides the lanthorn, a bowl of water and a piece of rag in his hand. He set them down, and going out again, fetched in a stool. Then he hung up the lanthorn on a nail, took the bowl and rag, and invited me to sit down.

I was loth to let him touch me; but he continued to stand over me, pointing and grinning with dark persistence, and rather than stand on a trifle I sat down at last and gave him his way. He bathed my head carefully enough, and I dare say did it good; but I understood. I knew that his only desire was to learn whether the cut was real or a pretence. I began to fear him more and more; and until he was gone from the room dared scarcely lift my face lest he should read too much in it.

Alone, even, I felt uncomfortable. This seemed so sinister a business, and so ill begun. I was in the house. But Madame's frank voice haunted me, and the dumb man's eyes, full of suspicion and menace. When I presently got up and tried my door I found it locked. The room smelled dank and close—like a vault. I could not see through the barred window, but I could hear the boughs sweep it in ghostly fashion; and I guessed that it looked out where the wood grew close to the walls of the house; and that even in the day the sun never peeped through it.

Nevertheless, tired and worn out, I slept at last. When I awoke the room was full of grey light, the door stood open, and Louis, looking ashamed of himself, waited by my pallet with a cup of wine in his hand, and some bread and fruit on a platter. "Will Monsieur be good enough to rise?" he said. "It is eight o'clock."

"Willingly," I answered tartly. "Now that the door is unlocked."

He turned red. "It was an oversight," he stammered. "Clon is accustomed to lock the door, and he did it inadvertently, forgetting that there was anyone—"

"Inside!" I said drily.

"Precisely, Monsieur."

"Ah!" I replied. "Well, I do not think the oversight would please Madame de Cocheforêt, if she heard of it?"

"If Monsieur would have the kindness not to—"

"Mention it, my good fellow?" I answered, looking at him

with meaning as I rose. "No. But it must not occur again."

I saw that this man was not like Clon. He had the instincts of the family servant, and freed from the influences of darkness felt ashamed of his conduct. While he arranged my clothes, he looked round the room with an air of distaste, and muttered once or twice that the furniture of the principal chambers was packed away.

"M. de Cocheforêt is abroad, I think?" I said as I dressed.

"And likely to remain there," the man answered carelessly, shrugging his shoulders. "Monsieur will doubtless have heard that he is in trouble. In the meantime, the house is *triste*, and Monsieur must overlook much, if he stays. Madame lives retired, and the roads are ill-made and visitors few."

"When the lion was ill the jackals left him," I said.

Louis nodded. "It is true," he answered simply. He made no boast or brag on his own account, I noticed; and it came home to me that he was a faithful fellow, such as I love. I questioned him discreetly, and learned that he and Clon and an older man who lived over the stables were the only male servants left of a great household. Madame, her sister-in-law, and three women completed the family.

It took me some time to repair my wardrobe, so that I dare say it was nearly ten when I left my dismal little room. I found Louis waiting in the corridor, and he told me that Madame de Cocheforêt and Mademoiselle were in the rose-garden, and would be pleased to receive me. I nodded, and he guided me through several dim passages to a parlour with an open door, through which the sun shone in gaily. Cheered by the morning air and this sudden change to pleasantness and life, I stepped lightly out.

The two ladies were walking up and down a wide path which bisected the garden. The weeds grew rankly in the gravel underfoot, the rose bushes which bordered the walk thrust their branches here and there in untrained freedom, a dark yew hedge which formed the background bristled with rough shoots and sadly needed trimming. But I did not see any of these things then. The grace, the noble air, the distinction of the two women who paced slowly to meet me—and who shared all these qualities greatly as they differed in others—left me no power to notice trifles.

Mademoiselle was a head shorter than her *belle sœur*—a slender woman and petite, with a beautiful face and a fair complexion. She walked with dignity, but beside Madame's stately figure she seemed almost childish. And it was characteristic of the two that Mademoiselle as they drew near to me regarded me with sorrowful attention, Madame with a grave smile.

I bowed low. They returned the salute. "This is my sister," Madame de Cocheforêt said, with a slight, a very slight air of condescension. "Will you please to tell me your name, Monsieur?"

"I am M. de Barthe, a gentleman of Normandy," I said, taking the name of my mother. My own, by a possibility, might be known.

Madame's face wore a puzzled look. "I do not know your name, I think," she said thoughtfully. Doubtless she was going over in her mind all the names with which conspiracy had made her familiar.

"That is my misfortune, Madame," I said humbly.

"Nevertheless I am going to scold you," she rejoined, still eyeing me with some keenness. "I am glad to see that you are none the worse for your adventure—but others may be. And you should have borne that in mind."

"I do not think that I hurt the man seriously," I stammered.

"I do not refer to that," she answered coldly. "You know, or should know, that we are in disgrace here; that the Government regards us already with an evil eye, and that a very small thing would lead them to garrison the village and perhaps oust us from the little the wars have left us. You should have known this and considered it," she continued. "Whereas—I do not say that you are a braggart, M. de Barthe. But on this one occasion you seem to have played the part of one."

"Madame, I did not think," I stammered.

"Want of thought causes much evil," she answered, smiling. "However, I have spoken, and we trust that while you stay with us you will be more careful. For the rest, Monsieur," she continued graciously, raising her hand to prevent me speaking, "we do not know why you are here, or what plans you are pursuing. And we do not wish to know. It is enough that you are of our side. This house is at your service as long as you please to use it. And if we can aid you in any other way we will do so."

"Madame!" I exclaimed; and there I stopped, I could not say any more. The rose-garden, with its air of neglect, the shadow of the quiet house that fell across it, the great yew hedge which backed it, and was the pattern of one under which I had played in childhood—all had points that pricked me. But the women's kindness, their unquestioning confidence, the noble air of hospitality which moved them! Against these and their placid beauty in its peaceful frame I had no shield. I turned away, and feigned to be overcome by gratitude. "I have no words—to thank you!" I muttered presently. "I am a little shaken this morning. I—pardon me."

"We will leave you for a while," Mademoiselle de Cocheforêt said in gentle pitying tones. "The air will revive you. Louis shall call you when we go to dinner, M. de Barthe. Come, Elise."

I bowed low to hide my face, and they nodded pleasantly—not looking closely at me—as they walked by me to the house. I watched the two gracious pale-robed figures until the doorway swallowed them, and then I walked away to a quiet corner where the shrubs grew highest and the yew hedge threw its deepest shadow, and I stood to think.

They were strange thoughts, I remember. If the oak can think at the moment the wind uproots it, or the gnarled thorn-bush when the landslip tears it from the slope, they may have such thoughts. I stared at the leaves, at the rotting blossoms, into the dark cavities of the hedge; I stared mechanically, dazed and wondering. What was the purpose for which I was here? What was the work I had come to do? Above all, how—my God! how was I to do it in the face of these helpless women, who trusted me—who opened their house to me? Clon had not frightened me, nor the loneliness of the leagued village, nor the remoteness of this corner where the dread Cardinal seemed a name, and the King's writ ran slowly, and the rebellion, long quenched elsewhere, still

"Very well," I retorted. "I can find my way then. You may go!"

He fell behind, and I strode back through the sunshine and flowers, and along the grass-grown paths, to the door by which I had come. I walked fast, but his shadow kept pace with me, driving out the strange thoughts in which I had been indulging. Slowly but surely it darkened my mood. After all, this was a little, little place; the people who lived here—I shrugged my shoulders. France, power, pleasure, life lay yonder in the great city. A boy might wreck himself here for a fancy; a man of the world, never. When I entered the room, where the two ladies stood waiting for me by the table, I was myself again.

A BOOK OF SHADOWS.

Drolls from Shadowland. By J. H. Pearce. (London: Messrs. Lawrence and Bullen.)—Mr. Pearce has not named his little book happily, for the title suggests a child's book to the ordinary reader; not, perhaps, that the ordinary reader would have a palate for these delicate fantasies. The tales, or allegories, shape themselves before one's eyes as a dream might if the gods would give us coherent for shapeless dreams. The dreaminess of the telling, as though it were the recital of a sleeper, gives a strong imaginative charm to the strange little tales. Almost every one is vital, and lives despite the intangible manner. Mr. Pearce, like Mr. Quiller Couch, is out of Cornwall, and is fortunate in



"I am M. de Barthe, a gentleman of Normandy," I said.

smouldered. But Madame's pure faith, the younger woman's tenderness—how was I to face these?

I cursed the Cardinal, I cursed the English fool who had brought me to this, I cursed the years of plenty and scarcity and the Quartier Marais, and Zaton's, where I had lived like a pig, and—

A touch fell on my arm. I turned. It was Clon. How he had stolen up so quietly, how long he had been at my elbow, I could not tell. But his eyes gleamed spitefully in their deep sockets, and he laughed with his fleshless lips; and I hated him. In the daylight the man looked more like a death's-head than ever. I fancied I read in his face that he knew my secret, and I flashed into rage at sight of him.

"What is it?" I cried, with another oath. "Don't lay your corpse-claws on me!"

He mowed at me, and, bowing with ironical politeness, pointed to the house. "Is Madame served?" I said impatiently, crushing down my anger. "Is that what you mean, fool?"

He nodded.

"Clon made you understand, then?" the younger woman said kindly.

"Yes, Mademoiselle," I answered. On which I saw the two smile at one another, and I added: "He is a strange creature. I wonder you can bear to have him near you."

"Poor man! You do not know his story?" Madame said.

"I have heard something of it," I answered. "Louis told me."

"Well, I do shudder at him sometimes," she replied, in a low voice. "He has suffered—and horribly, and for us. But I wish it had been on any other service. Spies are necessary things, but one does not wish to have to do with them! Anything in the nature of treachery is so horrible."

"Quick, Louis! the cognac, if you have any there!" Mademoiselle exclaimed. "I am 'sure' you are—still feeling ill, Mousieur."

"No, I thank you," I muttered hoarsely, making an effort to recover myself. "I am quite well. It was an old wound that sometimes touches me."

(To be continued.)

his knowledge of that land, fairy-haunted and ghost-riden, the one spot of broad England where the elves found a rest when the Reformation drove them before it—they "of the old profession"—like dead leaves driven before the wind. His imagination is steeped in the earth-born legends which are the precious appanages of the little and lowly unless they be sophisticated to vulgarity. Like his Cornish compatriot, Mr. Pearce has the mind of a poet, though he has less than Mr. Quiller Couch's strength and vividness. Happily, this is a book in which poetry and prose are blent. At his best Mr. Pearce's work is notable. There is a touch of genius in "The Unchristened Child"; and "A Pleasant Entertainment" might be a Wessex tale of Mr. Thomas Hardy, if one could imagine that great novelist producing an allegory rather than a tale. Mr. Pearce suggests subtly, and never insists. His imagination of a fine kind, and one feels confident that this little book will give him an assured place. It is, perhaps, a note of his Cornish descent—the Cornishmen, like most imaginative people, being ever religious—that each of the tales has a high seriousness which, without any touch of open religious profession, makes for righteousness.

THE PROPOSED BRONTË SOCIETY.

BY J. A. ERSKINE STUART.

The preliminary meeting in connection with the above-mentioned society, recently held at the Bradford Town-hall, elected a committee, representative of the various parts of Brontë-land, in Yorkshire, to draw up a constitution and rules for the "Brontë Society and Museum." As there seems to be some difference of opinion in regard to the scope of the work of this association, it may be well to point out that the original proposal of Mr. W. W. Yates, in the *Leeds Mercury* of Nov. 25, seemed to point only to the establishment of a museum of Brontë relics, photographs of scenes from the "Brontë Country," and manuscripts. If the society stops here, it will, in my opinion, be a failure. A considerable collection of Brontë relics existed till quite lately at Haworth—at Brown the bookseller's shop—and it was found not to attract visitors. So great a failure was it that Mr. Brown has been negotiating with an auctioneer to sell them in London, and it is only in the belief that this new clique of Brontë admirers will purchase these relics that he is now keeping them back from the hammer.

taken largely from the High Peak country of Derbyshire about Hathersage and the Vale of Hope.

The erection of some kind of monument that would be at the same time a memorial and a repository for Brontë relics commends itself, in any case, to our common sense. The Burns monument at Edinburgh, though not much from an architectural point of view, well fulfills this double purpose; and there is a particularly interesting memorial to the late Sir John Barrow, of a similar character, on the Hood Hill at Ulverston—a conspicuous object in the landscape. Another scheme commends itself, if possible. A very interesting residence, the Red House at Gomersal—the "Briar Mains" of "Shirley"—was for sale some little time ago. If this were to be purchased, it would afford a fitting setting for the relics of the family.

I think the scheme ought to have three objects: (1) The erection of a bust of Charlotte Brontë in Westminster Abbey; (2) the erection of a memorial window to the Brontë family in Haworth Church (there is only one small window to Charlotte's memory, erected by an American citizen); (3) the establishment of a Brontë

PALERMO, THE CAPITAL OF SICILY.

The serious local insurrections, attended with savage outrages and murders, which recently broke out in several villages of Sicily, and have extended to the southern provinces of the mainland of Italy, seem to have been excited by the oppressive local taxation, especially the "octroi," or town tolls, levied by certain municipalities. They had no political significance as hostile to the unity of the Italian kingdom. Until the Revolution effected by Garibaldi in 1860, the Neapolitan provinces of Italy and the large island of Sicily together formed one "Kingdom of the Two Sicilies," under the reign of a branch of the Spanish royal house of Bourbon, established at the beginning of the eighteenth century by the intrigues of King Louis XIV. of France. "Sicily," however, has from ancient times been understood to mean only the island, which is the most important in the Mediterranean, having a population of three millions and a quarter, and was the seat of the most prosperous of the early Greek colonies long before the rise of the Roman power. Some maritime parts of Sicily were indeed occupied by the Carthaginians, with whom its



THE CRISIS IN SICILY: THE MARINE PROMENADE AT PALERMO.

The day has gone by when the admirers of Charlotte Brontë can secure a real shrine at Haworth. If the literary world had exerted itself when the demolition of Haworth Church was first mooted, it might have secured the old church as a show-place for all time by providing the funds for building a new one. But nothing beyond a few newspaper articles denouncing the Vandalism of the Rector of Haworth was ever attempted. Again, we know that the new rector was willing to allow the rectory to be used as a Brontë Museum if the reading public would raise money to build him a new one. The day for all this is, however, past; and we now come to the question, What can we do to perpetuate the memory of the Brontës, and where should the memorial find a resting-place? It is doubtful if Haworth should be the favoured spot. That much-written-about moorland village has little about it to attract the literary pilgrim. The church is an absolutely new one—except the tower; the rectory is altered out of all recognition; and even the moors have been robbed of much of their romance by the presence of a railway and a forest of long chimneys. These moors, indeed, over which so much sentiment has been expended, and which form so large a part of Mrs. Gaskell's explanation of the Brontë genius, are little noticed in the Brontë novels, except in "Wuthering Heights" (and even there with but light touches), for it is a well-ascertained fact that the moorland scenery described in "Jane Eyre" is

Society and Museum, this latter to undertake the erection of a monument which would be at once a memorial and a museum. The society might also take up the preparation of a complete bibliography of Brontë literature. Annual reprints of all fugitive Brontë literature might also be brought out. Essays on the Brontë works might be read at stated intervals. Local committees which devoted themselves to seek information regarding the family in the various parts of Brontë-land might very well be formed. These are a few objects to which such an association might devote its energies.

All this will require money, but surely the reading public will subscribe to an object of this kind. If Yorkshire will not do it, let the country at large be appealed to. Yorkshire is sadly lacking in memorials of its literary sons. There are statues in abundance to successful manufacturers, merchants, and politicians, but literature is left out in the cold. There is little hero-worship amid the long chimneys and the pit-heads. During the Brontës' lifetime they were looked upon as oddities, and the wives of the rich Haworth manufacturers used to purse out their mouths at the little plain daughter of the Parsonage. If anything is going to be done now to commemorate the Brontës, let it be something worthy of the marvellous children—something that will hand down to all time the idiosyncrasies of that unique family.

dominion was contested by Rome; and subsequently to the fall of the Roman Empire, this island was invaded by the Saracens, afterwards by the Normans, who erected here a notable kingdom, and it next became subject to the German Imperial House of Swabia, but latterly to the Spaniards and the French. The rural peasantry are of mixed race, far from being purely Italian. Of the modern cities, Palermo, Messina, and Catania are the largest, but scarcely equal to the ancient magnificence of Syracuse, Agrigentum (Girgenti), Tauromenium (Taormina), Segeste and Selinus, whose ruined temples and theatres rank among the grandest remains of the classical Greek period. Our sketches are limited to the city of Palermo, originally Panormus, situated on a noble bay of the northern coast, in a fertile plain called the Conca d'Oro, or "Golden Shell," full of orange groves and olives, enclosed by rocky crags and rugged high mountains. The Promenade of the Marina, between Monte Pellegrino and Capo Zafferana, is the summer evening resort of the gay and lively people; and the principal streets are handsomely built. The Cathedral Church of Santa Rosalia, an edifice mainly of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, is rather of the Saracenic than the Norman style of architecture but is very picturesque. So are the figures and costumes of the lower classes of people in the streets of Palermo, which is as well worth seeing as Naples.



MISS ELLALINE TERRISS AS CINDERELLA IN THE LYCEUM PANTOMIME,

From a Photograph by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker-Street,

THE VEDDAH MISSION.

BY ANDREW LANG.

The ingenious Mr. Traill has suggested, in the *New Review*, that a mission, of a scientific rather than a religious nature, should be sent among the Veddahs of Ceylon. The Veddahs live, if we are not misinformed, in nests up trees, and are mainly remarkable for "not seeing what there is to laugh



Photo by Mandy, Bucharest.

PRINCE CAROL OF ROUMANIA IN HIS CRADLE.

at." The Veddah is not a laughing animal, so it is reported, though very possibly we have never yet hit on the right joke. We have interviewed them downstairs, on the level. Their jests may be all arboreal. In a tree-life many ludicrous incidents must occur, as when an absent-minded Veddah, climbing the wrong tree, finds himself in a nest where he is not expected, and has a natural difficulty in withdrawing with dignity. "Barking up the wrong tree" has thus quite a peculiar meaning to a Veddah ear. Mr. Traill's suggestion is that, under the patronage of the Bishop of Colombo, who used to see a joke (*Consule Forsteric Mertonense*), experiments should be tried on the Veddahs. Passages from the New Humorists should be translated to them; they are not, indeed, expected to laugh, but they will be asked to indicate where, in their opinion, the joke is intended by the author to come in. But Mr. Traill himself anticipates that the Veddahs will turn out to be very like many English readers in their appreciation of the New Humour. It is trying them very high. One would rather begin with simple puns in Veddah. The lower peoples, not that they are really lower, like the Kaffirs, appreciate a pun, a verbal practical joke. To saw half through the bough on which a neighbouring nest-holder had settled his Penates, is a witticism which, if it were carefully explained to him, might make a Veddah laugh. We ought to begin in this rudimentary way, and advance to funny things in Cervantes, and the humours of Shakspere's clowns, and the facetiae of the learned Poggio. Surely even a Veddah must be capable of seeing an *improper* joke? It may be difficult to get the Bishop's permission to make this experiment, but in the interests of science he may consent to a kind of moral vivisection. It would, however, surprise one a great deal if we have anything new to teach the Veddahs in the way of not quite proper jokes. The common store of these belongs to the whole human race, and is of vast antiquity. Perhaps "gentlemen's stories" (as they are euphemistically styled) were invented by Ham to amuse the leisures of the Ark. The Veddahs probably know them all. We possibly do this little-known race grievous wrong. Of most savage tribes it has been hastily said that they have no religion; that view is fallacious, and, in the same way, the Veddahs may have jokes.

Sometimes it seems as if a Veddah mission had long been busy in Europe and had converted Dr. Ibsen, minor poets generally, many politicians, many critics. Mr. Traill himself is partially Veddah about a good deal of Dickens's fun—about Mrs. Gamp's mispronunciations, for instance.

They still strike one as comic. "Drat the Bragian impudence of the boy," if the quotation may be permitted. "Aperiently so" (taking the character of the speaker) diverts one yet, and there is something bibulous in "put it to my lips when so dispoged." But, unless I misunderstand Mr. Traill, the Veddah missionaries have got at him on those points, and he pronounces Mr. Pickwick "noble but impossible." Not at all; one has known a Mr. Pickwick in this life. I think I hear his rebuke to Mr. Winkle: "You are an impostor, Sir," when Mr. Winkle showed such a genius for mishandling his fowling-piece or making himself ridiculous on skates. Why is Mr. Pickwick impossible? Not half so impossible as Hedda (*née Gabler*) and the abominable little wretch in "The Doll's House." Mr. Pickwick might be alive to-day, though perhaps without that noble thirst of his.

It is a melancholy reflection that we are all Veddahs in our own way, all Veddahs about something. No man can see all jokes, but it is a wise and salutary thing to see as many of the jokes in the world as possible; I don't mean to see jokes in serious matters, but to have a mind hospitable to what other people laugh at. The Master of Balliol, who was so fond of Dickens, could not laugh at Mark Twain, but read him with a Veddah-like solemnity. Many people do; a *fablian* may divert Jones, but the Blue Jay or the Mexican Plug leaves him quite a Veddah. Surely this is his loss, yet he rather seems to look down on those who, seeing what there is to laugh at, laugh even unto convulsions. Personally, I know that I am a Veddah about burlesques—most burlesques; they fill me with a morbid gloom, whereas very eminent tragedians arouse me to shrieks of an irreligious note, and thus one is often in danger of being kicked out of theatres. Tragedy, as commonly acted, always makes me giggle; it is a comfort to know that it affected Molière in much the same fashion. A king, as he ventured to remark, in a conversation with his Minister need not talk like a demoniac. But kings

on the stage generally do. I never saw ladies and gentlemen so freely merry as over a performance of a Greek play (not a humorous piece), and when the hero fell cautiously on his sword ("The slayer," says he, "is stood up in the cuttingest manner possible") there was not a dry eye in the audience. Whether the Veddahs would have

and Momus for. Yet we all have a drop of Veddah blood in us. There is the N—w H—m—r, for example—we occasionally feel the Veddah stirring within us, as we read it. This appears the more brutal and unsympathetic if we can laugh at almost any other humour, including that of Jean Paul Richter. But, perhaps, nobody can laugh at Jean Paul; to him the whole world is populated by Veddahs.

The moral conclusion is that we should try to learn to laugh at uncongenial jokes. We see young persons trying to batter themselves into an appreciation of Turner, of Giotto, of Wagner, of Ibsen, of Mr. George Meredith, of Mr. Browning, of all that is right. Had we but their noble sense of duty, we would give half an hour a day to a set of valuable, if cryptic jokes, which presently do not tickle us. We might succeed, but we might lose our spontaneity.

THE QUEEN'S GREAT-GRANDCHILD.

The marriage, on Jan. 10, 1893, at Sigmaringen, on the Upper Danube, of Princess Marie of Edinburgh, daughter of his Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh, now Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Saxe-Gotha, to the Crown Prince Ferdinand of Roumania, was an event fully described and illustrated in this Journal. It was blessed, on Oct. 15, with the birth of a son, who is named Carol, or Charles, after his father's uncle, the King of Roumania; and in presenting a portrait of this infant Prince, who is now three months old, we must again express our sincere good wishes for the stability and prosperity of that comparatively new kingdom, to which Prince Ferdinand is heir presumptive, and to which we hope his little son will long hence peacefully succeed.

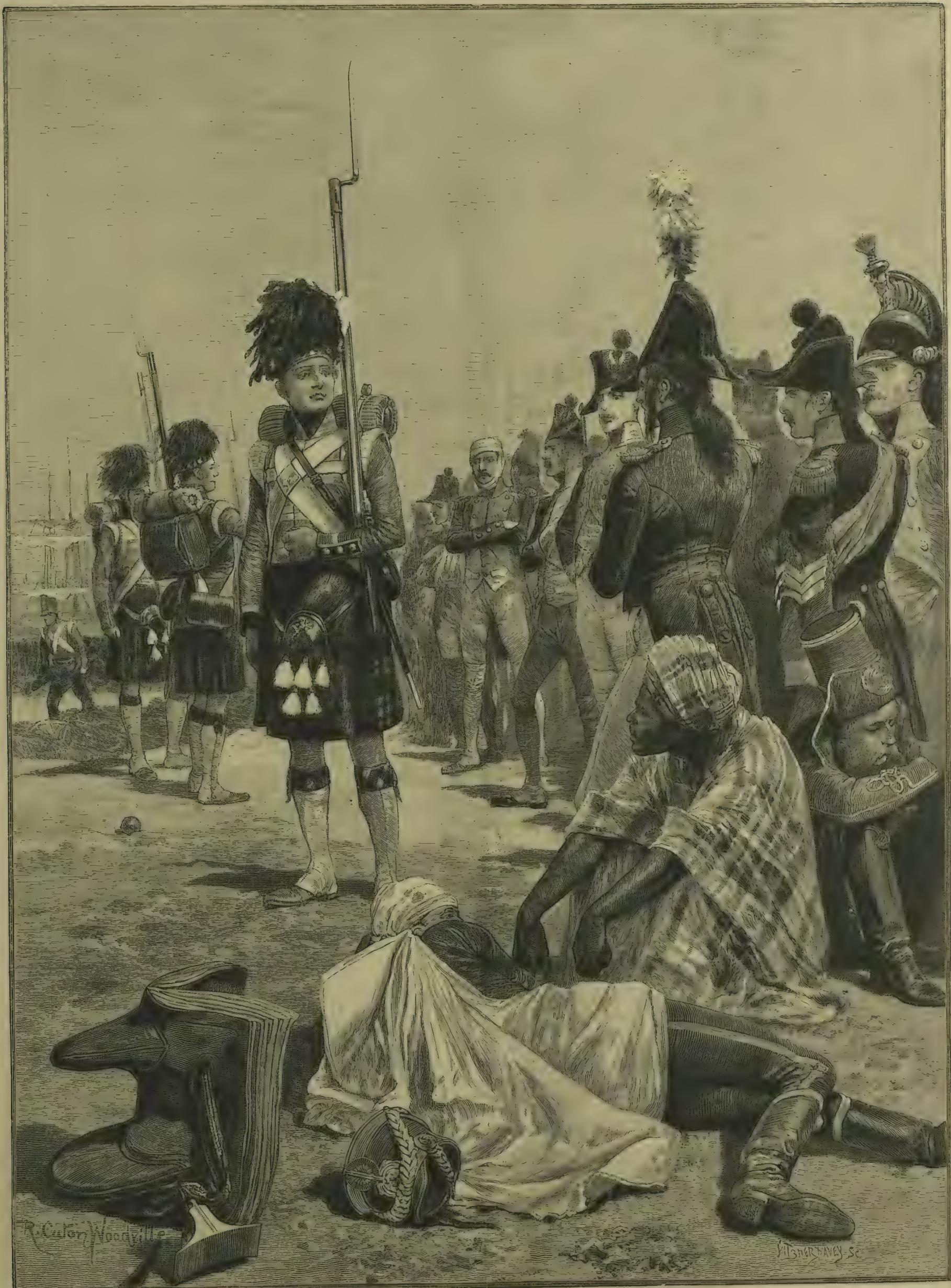
Roumania, consisting of Wallachia and Moldavia, formerly called "the Danubian Principalities," which previously to the Russian War of 1854-56 were governed by their "Hospodars," tributary to the Sultan of Turkey, became united in 1859 under the rule of Alexander John Couza. He abdicated in 1866, when Prince Karl of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen was elected; and in 1881 the Principality was proclaimed a kingdom, its independence having been recognised by the Congress of Berlin in 1878. Its population, numbering five millions and a half, mostly speak a dialect of Latin, and claim to be descendants of the ancient Roman soldiery who colonised Dacia in the reign of the Emperor Trajan, but they are largely mixed with the Slavonic race. There are nearly 300,000 Jews, about 200,000 Gypsies, and 50,000 Germans or Austrians. Bucharest, the capital city, has 200,000 inhabitants; Jassy, the Moldavian capital, Galatz, and Ibraila, are large towns with much trade. More than four-fifths of the people belong to the Orthodox Greek Church. The Government is constitutional, with a Senate elected for eight years and a Chamber of Deputies elected for four years, but the King has a suspensive veto on acts of legislation. Roumania has an army of excellent quality, numbering 50,000 men in time of peace, but which can be raised to 100,000 in war time. The commerce of the country with Great Britain is of considerable

Photo by Mandy, Bucharest.
PRINCE CAROL, SON OF PRINCE AND PRINCESS FERDINAND OF ROUMANIA, BORN OCT. 15, 1893.

laughed or not, one can only guess, but "Romeo and Juliet" can also be made extremely gay. However, this is treating the converse of the subject, as when George Warrington and General Lambert laughed so much at Home's "Douglas." If a jest that fails be a depressing thing, a solemnity which does not succeed, but fails, like Mr. Wopsle, is matter to bless the Muses

value, exporting corn and other produce annually worth five millions sterling, and importing cotton, woollen, iron, and other manufactured goods; it has also much trade with Austria, Germany, and France. The navigation of the Lower Danube is under the care of an International Commission, sitting at Giurgevo; two thirds of the tonnage on that river being in British vessels.

BATTLES OF THE BRITISH ARMY, No. V.—ALEXANDRIA.



THE 42ND HIGHLANDERS GUARDING FRENCH PRISONERS.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.

BATTLES OF THE BRITISH ARMY, NO. V.—ALEXANDRIA.



LANDING OF THE BRITISH ARMY IN ABOUKIR BAY.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.

BATTLES OF THE BRITISH ARMY.

V.—ALEXANDRIA.

How far the daring designs of General Bonaparte reached when he sailed with the flower of the French army for Egypt in 1798 perhaps he himself never wholly knew. The subjugation of Egypt, speedy and complete, was only the first step. Syria, Asia Minor, nay, Persia and India, were to fall under the soldiers of the Republic. Europe would be taken in the rear by the banded forces of Asia, under a new Timour. But two English sailors foiled the great design—brilliant and dangerous, like nearly all the plans of its author. Nelson annihilated, in Aboukir Bay, the French fleet that had carried the expedition; Sir Sidney Smith, intercepting the French siege artillery and landing sailors at Acre, helped the brave and cruel "Butcher," Djezzar Pasha, to hold out against a murderous siege. The French army, retreating upon Egypt, put down, indeed, with slaughter revolts from within and Turkish attacks from without; but it was isolated, cut off from France by a sea commanded by hostile ships. Soon, too, the chief and soul of the enterprise himself deserted his army, in August 1799, and, eluding English cruisers, landed in France to grasp at the vacant throne that offered itself "to the strongest." Kléber, one of the iron soldiers of the first wars of the Republic, was left to do his best for the forsaken army, cut off from news and reinforcement, but strongly holding a fertile country. With a heavy heart, he nevertheless did all that a man could do. The great disorderly army of the Turks was dashed into ruin, on March 20, 1800, at Heliopolis, by the French veterans, and Cairo, which had revolted, fell again into the French power. For a time Egypt relapsed into her customary state of passive acquiescence in foreign dominion. Kléber, ruling with firm justice, was a lord such as the East loves, but, like our own Lord Mayo, he was stabbed by a single obscure fanatic. Menou, the senior general of the army, succeeded: a man of great ideas and little decision. Following what he conceived to be the policy of Bonaparte, he only attained to a copy of the great man's theatricalities: he called himself Abdulla, and professed Mohammedanism; at the same time he increased taxation. Ignoring the hopeless isolation of the French force, he refused all proposals for the evacuation of Egypt.

But a more formidable enemy was soon to appear on the scene. Malta, the easy conquest of Bonaparte on his way to Egypt, had been starved into surrender, and was now held by British troops; and from Malta the force of Sir Ralph Abercromby was to set sail for Egypt. From Bombay were to come the forces of India; while the reorganised Turkish army moved down from Palestine. But this overwhelming attack, however well combined on paper, could never, in the days before steam, be executed with certainty. It was easy to see that the force from Malta would bear the real brunt. Menou had some twenty-five thousand men still, and though he had to watch a long line, yet he could safely have concentrated the bulk of his force near the coast of the Delta, where alone the really serious attack would fall. The winds that baffled the British fleet gave the French time to concentrate on Aboukir Bay, the most natural and almost the only good landing-place. But when the wind fell sufficiently for British boats to brave the sea, only some fifteen hundred to two thousand French, under the gallant Friant, held the sandhills round Aboukir Bay. Early in the morning of March 8, 1801, the first division of British troops took their places in the boats. At nine o'clock the signal was given, and a hundred and fifty boats, with five thousand men on board, moved on for the beach, while the fleet engaged Aboukir Castle and the French guns on shore. It was like the trained movement of a stage chorus; the front line of boats reached the sand everywhere at almost the same moment; the soldiers sprang out in the midst of a storm of bullets, and, forming at once, pushed forward against the French. After an obstinate fight, in which the English lost heavily, Friant retired on Alexandria.

Menou was still at Cairo with his main body, and Alexandria might have been taken by a swift pursuit. But Abercromby, a cautious veteran, a strict disciplinarian, would do all decently and in order. Without cavalry he would not venture into the unknown; and he spent some days in disembarking guns and stores before he again moved along the great sandspit, parting the Mareotis marsh from the sea, towards Alexandria. On March 13 the French, reinforced to five or six thousand, again tried battle. Abercromby, advancing cautiously, though largely superior in numbers, drove Generals Friant and Lanusso from two positions, though with heavy loss from the French cannon. Then the British army took up its position across the sandspit, the right resting on sandhills and Roman ruins close to the sea; the left close to the dyke which severed Mareotis from Lake Maadi and carried the main road between Alexandria and Cairo.

But Menou now at length hurried down to the scene of danger with all his disposable forces, determined to check the invaders by a stunning blow. Though somewhat inferior in total numbers to the British army, the French had excellent cavalry, while their enemies had hardly a horseman. The right of Abercromby's force, where Sir John Moore commanded, was thrown forward among the ruins, and on this the main blow was to fall while feigned attacks occupied the rest of the line.

Early in the morning of March 21, 1801, in a heavy mist, the French moved out to the attack. First a sudden feint by the French camel corps aroused Abercromby's left; then the brave Lanusso led his men to strike the British right among the ruins. But the force that was to slip between the British flank and the sea failed to reach its proper point of attack; Lanusso was mortally wounded, and the French left broke before a murderous fire. General Rampon, hurrying up with fresh troops from the centre, renewed the attack on the 58th and 23rd Regiments holding the ruins; part of the French force worked round the flank in the mist; and, to support this attack, Menou threw in his whole cavalry on the right centre of the British force. The famous "Black Watch," advancing to support the right, was broken by a charge of cavalry, and a confused fight took place between the Highlanders, forming back to back in clumps, and the French dragoons. At one time the 28th Regiment, assailed in front and

behind, faced round the two rear ranks of its four-deep line, and fought with true British pluck and inability to know when, by all tactical rules, it was beaten. Abercromby, short-sighted and unable to see well for the mist, rode almost alone into the charging French cavalry, and wrenched the sword of one dragoon from his hand by main force. Escaping from this fight he was struck on the thigh by a bullet, but, though seriously wounded, he would not leave the field, and, dismounting, he watched the battle from one of the sandhills.

The French charge, gallant as it had been, had disorganised the attacking force more than the defenders; the battle, broken up into a confused series of fights in the mist, like Inkerman, was at the command of the side that had an ordered reserve. The French had thrown their left and centre on the English right; their own right wing remained idly cannonading. Abercromby's reserves came up and opened fire; the French forces that had reached the rear of the British line were in their turn between two fires; the exhausted horsemen were shot down by hundreds as they cut their way back through the reformed ranks. The French force fell back on the forts of Alexandria, having lost some two thousand out of eleven or twelve thousand engaged; the British loss was smaller.

Sir Ralph Abercromby, after seeing victory assured, was carried off the field to be tended in the fleet. It is told that on the way he asked on what his head was supported, and being told it was "only a soldier's blanket," he charged his officers to see that the soldier had his blanket back. On board the flag-ship *Foudroyant* he died from his wound on March 29.

But he had done the work. The spirit of the French force in Egypt was broken. Menou looked on helplessly, while slowly, but surely, Abercromby's successor, Hutchinson, drew the net around him. Mareotis was flooded, and Alexandria almost isolated on its sandspit; then seizing Ramleh, midway between Cairo and Alexandria, Hutchinson cut Menou's force in two. Cairo was surrounded by British and Turkish troops, and surrendered just before the British regiments and sepoys from India struggled across the desert from Suez. Alexandria soon followed the example of Cairo, and the end of August saw the last French force agree to evacuate Egypt. Such was the battle that first gave British troops an earnest of important victory in the great war; Alexandria was the prelude to the Peninsula and Waterloo. That fight of a few thousand men on the sandhills and among the ruins took Egypt from France, and gave it for a brief time to England; though but as the ally of Turkey. How long will it be before we may have to fight again for Egypt? And will our occupying forces have better luck than the French had then, or Arabi a few years ago?—A. R. ROPES.

An interesting ceremony took place at Bradfield College on Nov. 30 last—St. Andrew's Day—when the Warden of the college, in the unavoidable absence of the Earl of Stamford, presented to each of the shooting eight and to Sergeant-Major Belton, who was responsible for their training, a miniature reproduction of the "Ashburton Shield," in commemoration of this school winning the



MINIATURE REPRODUCTION OF THE ASHBURTON SHIELD.

Public Schools Competition at Bisley. This presentation was inaugurated by the Earl of Stamford, the Rev. J. Baden Powell, and Mr. R. Haywood, and was subscribed to by a great number of old Bradfieldians. The work of these beautiful silver shields was carried out with the greatest skill and attention to detail by Messrs. Mappin Brothers, of 66, Cheapside, and 220, Regent Street, W.

The Londoner who is meditating a swallow flight to the Riviera will find that the most expeditious way of getting to Nice is to take the ten o'clock morning train from Charing Cross by the South-Eastern to Folkestone, cross to Boulogne, and travel to Paris by the Nord, and from Paris at half-past seven the same evening by the Méditerranée express (which now runs on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays) of the Paris, Lyons, and Marseilles line, and in the cars of the Internationale Wagons Lits Company. By this route Nice is reached in twenty-seven hours from London. The Wagons Lits Company (London office, 14, Cockspur Street) whose energetic Director-General, M. Nagelmackers, has carried his sleeping-cars over all the great railways of Europe and the Orient, lately opened a handsome hotel at Nice, the Riviera Palace, which stands in an excellent position well above the town. The return journey to London is a sharp reminder to the traveller of the great inconvenience entailed by the abolition of the club train. He reaches Paris at two o'clock in the afternoon, and instead of starting for Calais at three, and arriving in London at eleven o'clock that night, he is compelled to wait for the evening train, make the passage across the Channel in the wretched cockle-shell steamer which is deemed good enough for the night service, and reach London at an unearthly hour next morning.

THE LITTLE BLUE UPRIGHT.

A word to conjure with!—this familiar name of the fly dearest to the hearts of West-country anglers. Perhaps because the fishing in the moorland and mountain streams comes so early, when buds have scarcely begun to break, and primroses only peep in sheltered corners, warm, and catching a glance of the south sun.

There is a fascination about these rivers, a charm, a nobility, a romance, which the smoother waters of a meadow country do not possess. Such also have their beauties, gliding swiftly over their gravel, by rich homesteads and lush grass; but they come later, when weather is warm and days are long enough to be leisurely.

The eager waters of the moor brook no restraint, bear no burdens, and turn no mills, but gallop on, leaping headlong over their boulders, like untamed coursers shaking their snowy manes. Then they leave the moor, to go winding between hills, moaning and sighing to the overhanging oak and ash.

The little blue upright is like nothing on earth, living or dead.

What the trout take it for none can tell. But they do take it, sometimes with an activity and boldness befitting

of the waters in which they dwell. It is not size, but downright pluck, which endears the little rascals to the heart of the angler. Yet, *entre nous*, there are plenty of half-pound fish in the Exe and Barle for him who knows how to take them. The majority of superb beings who come from a distance never learn that they are there.

I come from a distance now. Alas! that it should be

so. Guided by the river reports in the *Field*, I take a day—a long day, with three hours in the train before breakfast, during which, from mere extravagance and excitement I tie innumerable flies upon unneeded casts,

and wind them in readiness around my hat. Every incident of that day in March is a twice—aye, a twenty-times-told story; yet its freshness never fades, and those few hours are sweeter than a fortnight of the summer.

There is the man from "The Lion" who drives me—

never mind where—up an interminable hill with beech hedgerows on each side of a narrow road. Shining leaves

of last year, parched and red, still glisten on some of the branches, only waiting for the March winds. Sometimes,

where the hedge has been ploughed, and at every gap and gate, you catch sight of the river, winding like a silver

thread between the brown hills. Someone is probably

passing along the river-side, for a heron rises, hovers a

moment in uncertainty, and slowly flies away. From our

height we look down upon his outstretched wings.

The man from "The Lion" is not a conversationalist, but this is his chance. He never varies his phrase, yet the pleasant modulation of his dialect makes it sound quite new, even original.

"A proper good visher—Maister Crane, Zir," he says, and shakes his head knowingly. Then away we trot down the other side of the hill, in spite of rolling stones and peering rock, at a pace to try weak nerves.

I put together my rod in a ham, as they call the flat low-lying bits of pasture by the river-side. On the opposite bank woods slope down to the water, which eddies along beneath the overhanging branches as black as ink; and early in the season fish lie in such places, just off the fierceness of the swirl. But it is no good. No matter how lightly the blue upright may fall nothing comes of it, unless perchance a sprat of four inches rushes up to play leap-frog over the line. That is a bad sign. You cannot fill a creel when irresponsible troutlets wanton and flap their tails in the air. Later in the year, if you see that, you will find it true wisdom to go home and bet your next-door neighbour that it rains within twenty-four hours. In March it does not matter so much, for you are more in earnest than the fish. And so you go on trying every likely looking nook and corner, where the water is bayed back by the stones, where it lies flat between the two eddies around a boulder, and especially the straight deep pieces, where it rushes on with an ever-lessening ripple. At the tails of such pools you will find the biggest fish.

But the morning is still young, and in March trout are not addicted to early rising. Perhaps there is a breath of frost in the air, and then they wait for a gleam of sun-shine. You get to understand all this without knowing why, and never stopping, you still have time to look about. The little water-course which feeds some hill-side meadow leaps in a cascade over the rock before you. A dipper, in his white waistcoat, perches on the boulder, and, as you approach, darts away, flapping his tail, to alight on another grey stone and await your coming. A little later you will probably find his nest beneath the arch of the falling stream, built of moss with a small oval entrance, and he will dart to and fro through the falling water delighting in a frequent shower-bath. At such times, too, he has a warbling song, very tender and sweet, for his mate or any other ear which listens for such sounds.

There is a pool, large and wide, with a ripple from the wind rushing between the hills. Then you see a tiny splash. Just drop him a line and no doubt he will come to you. The trout are beginning to feed, and the blue upright proves irresistible. Now is your time, and you must not waste it, if you wish to fill your creel. Knock him on the head for conscience' sake, but there is scarcely time to look at his red spots. For there is such a wonderful unanimity about trout that for the next half-hour they will be as busy as bees, and then perhaps you will take one now and then through the afternoon.

There is a sound I love—a short, hoarse cry, not uncommon, but fast becoming rarer, in the Exmoor district. It comes out of the sky; and if you look above the crown of the highest hill, you will see two buzzards slowly circling around each other on their lazy outspread wings. They pair early, and will build their nest in the fork of the highest tree. Good luck to them! May they rear their progeny in peace, to delight the eyes of lovers of nature to the end of the chapter.

Often on a wild day, when there are wind and rain and hail, trout move eagerly, as if aroused to a sympathy with the weather. But on a soft spring evening, when the thrush is on the topmost twig, and one side of the hill is in gloom and the other gilded by the sinking sun, there is generally a good rise.

After that, go home. Fry your little trout crisply brown, and drink success to the little blue upright.

TOM COBLEIGH.



ATTACK ON SIR RALPH ABERCROMBY BY FRENCH DRAGOONS DURING THE EARLY MORNING ENGAGEMENT.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.



"TWELFTH NIGHT," AT DALY'S THEATRE.—THE DUKE AND HIS HOUSEHOLD SERENADING OLIVIA; VIOLA ASLEEP.

Then to Sylvia let us sing,
That Sylvia is exceeding;
She excels each mortal thing
Upon the dull earth dwelling;
To her let us garlands bring.

DIVIDEND DAY AT THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

The student of poor human nature might easily choose a far less happy hunting-ground than the Bank of England on Dividend Day. On ordinary days the repose of the Old

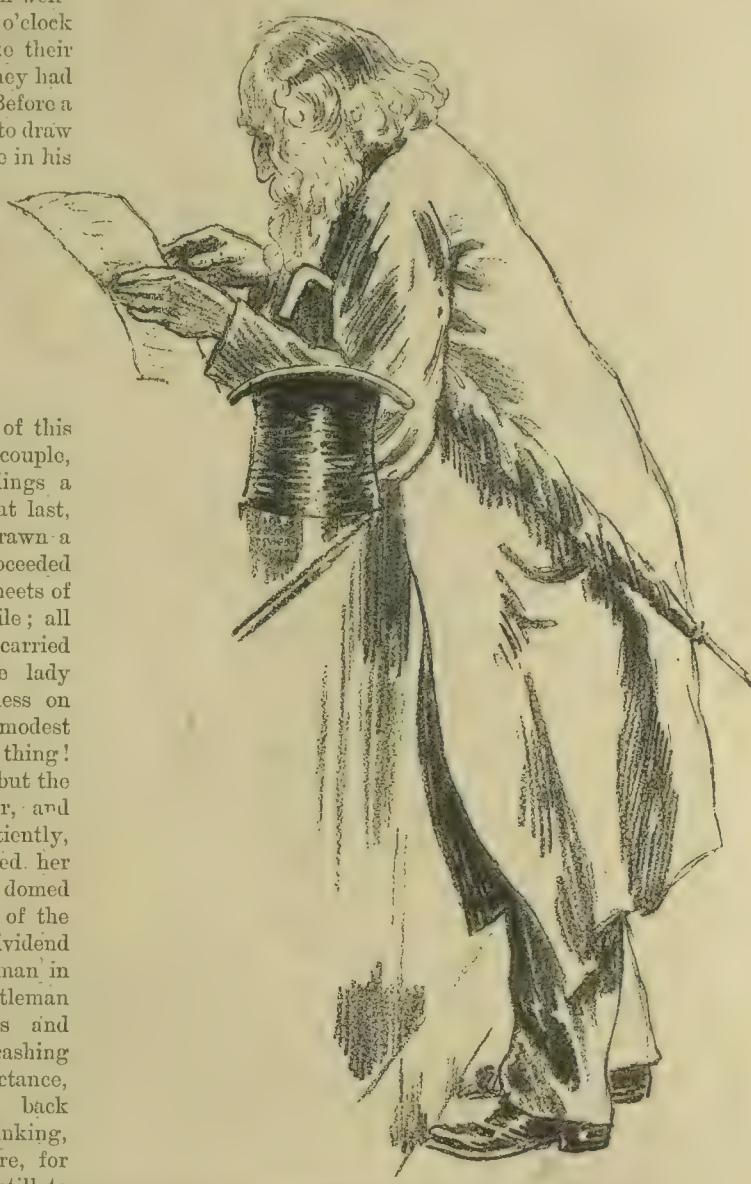
lively the instant the doors are opened on this quarterly festival of St. Consol. Extra punctual are the Bank officials on these mornings, for they must be prepared to receive the public, if not with open arms, at least with well-supplied tills and gleaming copper shovels. As nine o'clock strikes, one or two stockholders are sure to make their appearance; and one would almost suppose that they had passed the previous night on the steps of the Bank. Before a brief half-hour has passed, men and women, all eager to draw their dividends, are rushing past the gorgeous beadle in his lovely clothes, that glorify him so that he appears fitted for the post of a Lord Mayor or Alderman rather than that of a mere gate-keeper, past the spruce messengers in their crushed-strawberry coloured coats and scarlet waistcoats, across the stone-paved court, and are crowding the Rotunda and waiting three, four, or even six deep before the curved and polished counter behind which lie their "golden joys." Curious indeed are some of the "human items" of this eager crowd. I remember seeing a homely-looking couple, whom one would have thought worth thirty shillings a week perhaps, wait patiently for their turn, and at last, when they had reached their destination and had drawn a considerable sum—over £1000, all in gold—they proceeded to make it up in little piles of £100 each, then sheets of brown paper were produced, one for each golden pile; all were deliberately packed, put in a bag, and carried off. Then I have had pointed out to me the lady who, year after year arrived with great exactness on Dividend Day and requested the dividend on her modest holding in India Stock—just a neat million! Poor thing! She had not a farthing in any Government stock; but the clerks, I understood, were always polite to her, and sometimes, when she had waited long and patiently, provided her with a cup of tea before she turned her disappointed footsteps homeward. Here, in this domed Rotunda, this Temple of Mammon, in the heart of the busiest and wealthiest city in the world, on a Dividend Day, one mixes with unusual company—a countryman in his smockfrock, perchance; a long-bearded gentleman of the Jewish persuasion, who carefully checks and rechecks the amount of his warrant before cashing it, who seems to part from it with reluctance, and sometimes asks the cashier to give it back again that he may verify the figures; timid, shrinking, well-dressed ladies, whom one wonders to see there, for powers of attorney are cheap and some bankers are still to be trusted; blustering females with angular shoulders and penetrating voices, the former making an unpleasant impression on one's back, the latter deafening one's ears and awakening shrill echoes in the domed roof—all

these and many other human specimens jostle one another in the "race for gold," not to mention notes, silver, and coppers. The manner in which the money is received and



A PORTER.

Lady of Threadneedle Street is not greatly disturbed at nine a.m.; but the anxiety of stockholders to obtain their quarterly supplies makes the precincts of the Bank quite



"DO I SIGN HERE?"

disposed of by the recipient is amusing and instructive. Some clutch it eagerly, count it carefully, and as carefully put it away in some secret fastness. I have seen



MAKING QUITE SURE.



PUZZLED.

DIVIDEND DAY AT THE BANK OF ENGLAND.



A CHARMING STOCK-HOLDER.

a stout, perspiring female turn up petticoat after petticoat (and, being a modest man, I began to tremble) till she reached a capacious pocket attached to some very under - garment, and there the money was bestowed. Some, on the other hand, draw their dividend carelessly, thrust it uncounted into their trousers pocket—these are men, of course—and stroll jauntily off, as if it were all a most trivial matter. Wonderfully generous are some of the stockholders. They tip the messenger—nay, even the lofty beadle at the gate, and now and again they will do their best to tip the cashier who pays them. A shilling, a half-crown, or even a sovereign or two has before now been politely pushed back across the counter, to be, of course, courteously declined. A red-cheeked, homely countrywoman, I am assured, once offered a cashier a little tip, and on his politely refusing it, produced two lovely new-laid eggs from her basket, with a "Well, ye'll take them then, honey?" Considering the enormous number of payments made on Dividend Day, the errors are few and far between, and the accuracy of the cashiers who pay almost without intermission from nine till four, really surprising. I remember many years ago hearing of a curious case of over-payment on Dividend Day. It was told me by one actor in the comedy who has long since left the service of the Bank. Dividend Day was wet, chill, and sloppy; but the public heeded not the weather, but attended in their usual shoals. A cashier made up his money £10 'short; the mistake was not in notes, but in coin, so he had no clue to where it was. My friend, who was his next-door neighbour in the Rotunda, went home inside a Kensington 'bus, and opposite to him sat two garrulous females. He heard one mention the Bank, and pricked up his ears. Yes, she'd been there, she had, and drawn her dividends, and what do you think?—they'd given her ten pounds too much! Was she going to take it back? Not she; the Bank could afford it, and so on. My friend followed these ladies home, and, after some puzzle, succeeded in recovering the money for his friend, though I fancy he invoked the aid of that blessed word "Policeman" before he accomplished it. Our Artist has

given some spirited sketches of some of the folks one meets at a quarterly At-Home in Threadneedle Street, but he has omitted a fancy sketch of the Old Lady herself, who, I should imagine, wears a "flimsy" costume—often changed, but never entirely altered—looped up with red tape, plenty of which is always kept on the premises.

W. C. F.

ART NOTES.

It does not much matter should the public not take to heart the recent exposure, in the current number of the *Antiquary*, of the apocryphal stories concerning the instruments of torture and execution in the Tower of London. If, however, attention should in this way be called to the real and almost priceless treasures stored there, the article will have some practical value. Very few persons in this country seem to care about armour, upon which the resources of the arts of the Middle Ages were lavished with eagerness. The collection of armour in the Tower of London is of the utmost value; and probably, if united with the choice specimens to be found in the South Kensington Museum, this country would possess an Armoury which would hold its own against those of Turin, Madrid, and Vienna—the most notable in Europe. For want, however, of an intelligent and responsible keeper, our collection is in a fair way to be absolutely ruined. The delicate damascening and inlaid work with which much of it is embellished cannot bear the rough-and-ready treatment it receives from the "beef-eaters" and those whose ideas do not soar beyond rotten-stone and oil—or perhaps "Monkey Brand"—to keep bright the metal-work in the Tower; while at South Kensington, although subjected to more careful treatment, the specimens are not only out of place, but to most eyes out of sight also. The risk we run of losing completely our really magnificent collection of armour might be avoided by placing it absolutely in the custody of some thoroughly competent person, as, for instance, Lord Dillon or Baron de Cosson, our two best authorities on the subject, and by uniting in one place—the Tower of London by preference—all specimens of armour which have been purchased at the public expense.

Of late years the older style of chromo-lithography has fallen somewhat into the background, for as a special adaptation of art it has failed to keep pace with the advancing requirements of the times. The more elaborate methods of Mr. Griggs have shown what a pitch of excellence can be reached when the cost of production is a question of no moment. His art, however, was specially adaptable to the reproduction of jewellery and minutely ornamented works of art where distinctness of outline was as important



OFFICIAL DIGNITY.

as indication of colour. For the purposes of the students of water-colour drawing such work is of little or no value. For their requirements such text - books as Turner's "Liber Studiorum" and the like are invaluable, and any adequate reproduction of them in colours must be of value and interest to those who aim at any desire to follow in the footsteps of such a leader. The reproductions of four of the most distinctive pictures of this series (Messrs. Rowley and Co.) are in every way suited for their purpose. Dover Castle, Scarborough, Whitby, and Norham Castle are the spots which have been chosen by the editors, and in these we find some of the best qualities of Turner's work brought out with great distinctness and effect.



A CONTRAST.

Postage-stamp collectors will probably be the first to rejoice in the news that the French Government has consented to make a new issue. As there still remains a certain regard for artistic work even in official circles in France, public competition (limited to natives) is invited by the Minister of Posts and Telegraphs—a step which in this country would be regarded as the height of absurdity. The only restrictions imposed by the Minister are that the stamps shall be of a certain size, that they shall conspicuously announce their respective values, and that they shall bear the words "Postes" and "République Française." With these limitations the most absolute freedom in the design is allowed to the artists, who will not be asked to trouble themselves about the colouring. One uniform design will be adopted for the whole postal service, and the colour of the stamp, a matter reserved to the discretion of the Post Office, will be an additional indication of the face value of the stamp. A prize of 3000f. will be awarded to the successful competitor, and two consolation awards of 1500f. and 1000f. will be made to the next in order of merit. It is further clearly announced that the Government lays no claim to the designs which are not adopted; and thus the undignified squabble that went on in this country between the Treasury and certain artists with regard to the new coinage cannot happen in France.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

I am going to make an earnest appeal on behalf of certain "poor relations" who are being very badly treated, and who succumb to chest ailments induced by the treatment they receive. I allude to the unfortunate monkeys which are hauled about the streets at the tails of the tribe of dirty foreigners who swarm everywhere playing (save the mark!) an accordion or similar instrument of torture, and whose ideas concerning British musical culture, judging by their own performances, must be of highly singular and original character. The other day, passing through the streets of York, I saw an illustration of the oft-repeated cruelty to which I refer. A foreigner whose acquaintance with soap and water was evidently of that limited character which Mr. Harry Furniss has immortalised in the pages of *Punch* (in connection with the grimy gentleman who once used a certain soap and had employed no other since), was playing an accordion, and was eliciting sounds from that instrument of a nature sufficient to make any musically minded person feel alarmingly indisposed. At his heels, on the wet, greasy pavement, was a poor, shivering, Rhesus monkey, between whom and his master more than one passer-by had remarked a close resemblance; the balance of popular opinion, however, leaning decidedly in favour of the monkey. Every now and then the bigger brute in trousers gave the monkey's chain a jerk sufficient to throw the lesser animal off its feet, and when remonstrated with, all one could get out of the musician was, "She bites—give a penny!"

Now, to make an animal accustomed to a warm climate walk the wet, sloppy streets of an English town; acquiring chill and cold, and laying the foundation of lung-troubles, is a piece of actual cruelty which, to my mind, becomes only intensified by the reason of the exhibition. In my boyish days I struck up a friendship with an old organ-grinder who used to pay a bi-weekly visit to our neighbourhood. He owned a fine macaque, of whose temporal interests he was most careful. When not sitting on the top of the organ, she was huddled under his coat, clad in a warm flannel garment. This man loved his monkey, and the macaque evidently adored him; and when she departed this life, and was missed from the organ-top, with tears in his eyes he accounted for her absence by saying, "Monkey—she dead!" This, I say, was a well-treated ape; but the common practice of hauling a poor monkey over the wet streets is simply tantamount to killing the animal. It is a piece of cruelty which should be forbidden by law. I suppose no law can touch the superior animal with the accordion, because the ape is not a domestic animal, like the horse, dog, or cat, and wild animals don't come under the provisions of the Act. If I am right in my supposition, may I enlist the advocacy of my readers all round in the endeavour to have this practice of exposing monkeys to cold and chill stopped? There is surely enough humanity round and about to protect the animals from this form of cruelty. A little of the energy (misplaced, even if unselfish, I think) devoted to the criticism of scientific experimentation and to the suppression of vivisection might with great profit be devoted to reforming the abuse I have described and to ensuring the better treatment of the "pets" of vagrants all round.

Really something must be done, and that quickly, to prevent, as far as is possible, the perpetual recurrence of poisoning accidents with carbolic acid. This unfortunate mishap is of constant occurrence. No sooner is one accident of this kind chronicled than another is narrated. The latest incident of this nature was the lamentable death of an Oxfordshire clergyman who accidentally poisoned himself with the corrosive. What I have never been able to understand is the terrible frequency of these carbolic-acid poisonings. The acid, as everybody knows, is a strong-smelling liquid, of tarry odour, and it has always been a mystery to me how and why people so readily swallow this substance in mistake for fluids which have no odour of the kind at all. I may be wrong, but I imagine that if anybody offered me a spoonful of carbolic acid, or if by mischance I removed the stopper from a bottle of this fluid preparatory to swallowing it, my nose would give me due warning of my mistake long before the liquid reached my mouth. Be that as it may, we have in carbolic acid a substance widely used for disinfecting purposes, and a poisonous substance it is as ordinarily employed; therefore it behoves us to protect those who apparently cannot protect themselves by the exercise of ordinary care. Why not pass a law that all bottles containing this or any other poison should be provided with glass screw stoppers? If a person then came across a bottle the stopper of which could only be removed by unscrewing, he would naturally be on the alert as to its poisonous nature. If people failed to appreciate the significant warning of the screw stopper, then I cannot conceive how any other preventive method could be of service. I suppose there will always exist a moiety on whom no precautionary measures can have any effect at all.

A correspondent suggests that I should direct the attention of my readers to what he regards as a possible danger to health, and as the cause of much mysterious illness—namely, the practice of people eating flesh-foods which have been long preserved in ice-chests. He says that pheasants, for instance, may thus be preserved from the beginning to the end of the season, and that as the internal organs are not removed, the effect of taking the game out of the ice-chest, and of keeping it even for a short time prior to cooking, may be fraught with disastrous consequences to the consumer. I have no special knowledge of the practice cited by my correspondent, but on general principles, I should say it was anything but safe to eat food preserved under the circumstances named. Cooking usually robs such "high" foods of any deleterious properties; I say "usually" because now and then, in spite of culinary preparations, we meet with cases of poisoning due to the products which commencing decay has evolved in the meat. There is another precaution which it is well to bear in mind—never to partake of the contents of any tin of preserved food which has been allowed to stand exposed to the air after being opened.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the *Chess Editor*.

B M ALLEY.—We will report as early as possible, but we have so many problems in hand that each must take its turn.

CHIFFRE (Frankfort).—We would prefer, to prevent mistakes, to have diagrams of your problems before considering them.

J C B (Acreington).—In "English Chess Openings, Ancient and Modern," second edition, or "Steinitz Chess Instructor," when completed. Staunton's is still very useful.

A PAWN.—We regret we have no space for the purpose.

J C WESLEY (Exeter).—Thanks.

J BENJAMIN (Bombay).—We are much obliged.

J F MOON.—1. Kt to Q 5th, P or B takes Kt; 2. P takes B (dis ch), and mates next move.

W DAVID (Cardiff).—Worse than ever. There are several solutions in two, one of which will suffice: 1. Kt (at K 4th) takes P, &c.

R KELLY.—Safely to hand.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 2592 received from J W Shaw (Montreal); of No. 2591 from E W Brook, A W Hamilton-Gell (Exeter), J A B, J D Tucker, and Edward J Sharpe; of No. 2595 from E G Boys, Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), E W Brook, A J Habgood (Haslar), A W Hamilton-Gell, Sparke (Lincoln), J D Tucker (Leeds), J E Sharpe, G Grier (Hednesford), W H S. Ernest R Tebbitt, F Margetson, C Phipps Casby, A Pearce, John M'Robert (Crossgar), F B Guerin (Guernsey), H C Chancellor, and Hereward.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 2596 received from H Brandreth, Charles Burnett, Blair Cochrane (Clewer), W David (Cardiff), E G Boys, F Cassell, A J Habgood, L Desanges, J D Tucker, G R Hargreaves, Hereward, Sergeant-Major E Retchford (Penrhyn), G Joycey, Alpha, J Coad, Ubique, J W C, W P Hind, Shadforth, A H B, L Berlant (Bruges), W R Raillem, J S Wesley, C E Perugini, H B Hurford, Edward J Sharpe, G T Hughes (Athy), Mrs Wilson (Plymouth), R Worters (Canterbury), B M Allen, A Newman, Mrs Kelly (of Kelly), Fr Fernando (Glasgow), Sorrento, T Roberts, Dawn, R H Brooks, Martin F, H S Brandreth, Joseph Willcock (Chester), W Wright, and T G (Ware).

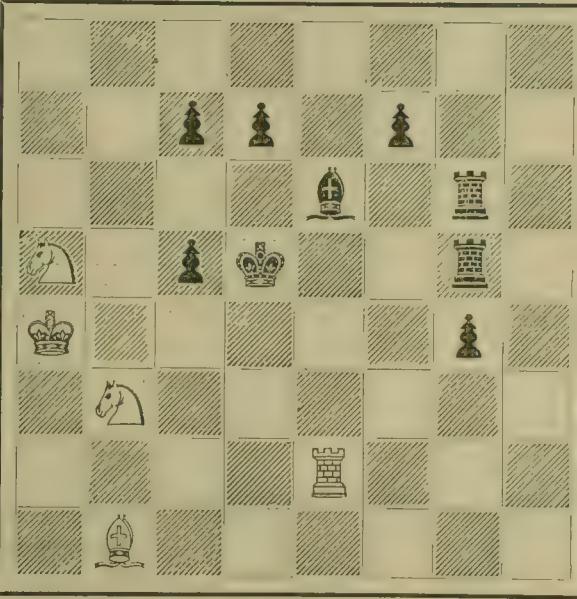
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 2595.—BY REGINALD KELLY.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. R to Q 6th Any move
2. Mates accordingly.

PROBLEM NO. 2598.

By PERCY HEALEY.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN NEW YORK.

Game played in the Masters' Tournament between Messrs. ALBIN and PILLSBURY.

(Zukertort's Opening.)

WHITE (Mr. A.) BLACK (Mr. P.) WHITE (Mr. A.) BLACK (Mr. P.)
1. Kt to K B 3rd P to Q 4th 22. R to B 4th
2. P to Q 4th P to K 3rd 23. B to Q Kt 4th Q to K 2nd
3. P to Q B 4th P to Q B 3rd 24. Q to B 4th Q takes R P
4. Kt to Q B 2nd P to K B 4th 25. P to Kt 4th P to Kt 4th
Acting on Lasker's theory that a new move may be ventured once in any opening.
5. P to K 3rd Kt to B 3rd 26. Q to R 2nd Q takes Q (ch)
6. Kt to K 5th B to Q 3rd 27. R takes Q Kt takes K P
7. P to B 4th Castles 28. R to R 5th B to K sq
8. R to K 2nd Q Kt to Q 2nd 29. A charming reply. If now R takes P it is obviously lost in exchange for the Bishop.
9. Castles Kt to K 5th 30. R to B 2nd R takes P
10. Q Kt takes Kt 31. R to B 3rd Kt to B 5th
This exchange is not good, although it is difficult to suggest the right move. Perhaps Kt to B 3rd is as useful as anything.
10. B P takes Kt 32. R takes R Kt takes R
11. P to Q B 6th B takes Kt 33. B to K 2nd Kt to B 7th
12. B P takes B R takes R (ch) 34. B takes P Kt takes P
13. B takes R P to Q Kt 3rd 35. B to Q sq P to Kt 5th
The attack now passes to Black, who seizes the opportunity afforded by the weakness of the adverse Q B P.
14. P to Q Kt 4th P to Q R 4th 36. B to Q 2nd P to Kt 6th
15. Q to Kt 4th Kt to B sq 37. B to B 3rd Kt to B 7th
16. B to Q 2nd P takes Kt P 38. K to B 2nd P to Q 5th
17. B takes P P to Q Kt 4th 39. B takes Kt Q Kt P takes B
18. P to Q R 3rd Kt to Kt 3rd 40. B to Kt 2nd P to Kt 6th (ch)
19. B to K sq B to Q 2nd 41. K to K 2nd K to B 2nd
20. P to K R 4th Q to K B sq Black wins.
21. R to K 2nd Kt to K 2nd

This Kt is handled with admirable judgment, and, with both the opposing Bishops shut in, it virtually represents a piece to the good.

Game played between Mr. PILLSBURY and Major HANHAM in the same tourney.

(Queen's Pawn Opening.)

WHITE (Mr. P.) BLACK (Major H.) WHITE (Mr. P.) BLACK (Major H.)
1. P to Q 4th P to Q 4th 15. Kt takes P P to K B 3rd
2. P to K 3rd P to K 3rd 16. Kt to Kt 6th (ch) K to B 2nd
3. B to Q 3rd Kt to K B 3rd 17. R to K 3rd
4. P to K 4th
White is certainly putting some life and freshness into this usually cautious opening, but we doubt if the policy is altogether safe.
4. B to Q 3rd
5. Kt to K B 3rd P to Q Kt 3rd
6. Castles Castles
7. P to Q B 3rd P to Q B 4th
8. Kt to K 5th Q to B 2nd
Black does not seem fully to realise the threatening position. White has now secured. It is imperative that the adverse Kt should be shut out with all despatch.
9. Kt to Q 2nd Kt to Q B 3rd
10. R to K B 3rd B to Kt 2nd
11. R to R 3rd P takes Q P
It is difficult to understand Black's play at this point; but he is rendering his opponent valuable assistance.
12. B takes P (ch) Kt takes B
13. Q to R 5th K R to K sq
14. Q takes Kt (ch) K to B sq

White now forces a masterly win.

15. Kt takes P K to B sq
16. Q to Kt 6th K takes Kt
17. Q takes Kt P' ch K to K sq
18. R takes P ch K to Q sq
19. R to B 6th ch K to Q sq
20. R to B 7th ch K to K sq
21. R to B 5th Q to B 5th
22. R to K sq Q takes R P
23. R to Kt 8th (ch) K to B sq
24. R to Kt 7th (ch) K to B sq
25. R to Kt 6th (ch) K to B sq
26. R takes P ch K to Q sq
27. R takes B (ch) K to B sq
28. R to B 6th ch K to Q sq
29. R to B 7th ch K to K sq
30. R to K 6th (ch) K to B sq
31. Q to Kt 7th (ch) K to B sq

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

There is a good deal of fun in the full report which the Census Commissioners have just issued. They have an amusing paragraph on the difficulty of getting women to give their correct ages. Most women, it appears, would prefer to remain between twenty and twenty-five as long as possible; many more now claim that age than ten years ago there were girls, from ten to fifteen. I am inclined to think that this is merely another illustration of how slowly fashions spread into the country, for five-and-twenty is too young to be fashionable nowadays. The age of the heroine has steadily gone up in accordance with the greater difficulty of getting settled in life in these modern days. Once, all girls thought of no lot in life as possible but to be married by the time they were twenty, and the few that remained single later than that had no ideas about a career, but settled down as maiden aunts without more ado. In those days, of course, all heroines were young, and the girl who had not got over wanting to be a heroine had to stop young for the purpose. But as the struggle for life has got more and more intense for the educated classes in our crowded old land, the average age for marriage has risen and risen, till now a professional man hardly begins to think of settling very much before thirty-five, and, accordingly, the woman's age of marriage has risen. The consequent fact that the heroine is no longer Miss in her teens, but grows older and older each publishing season, is obvious to readers of current literature. It follows that when the next census comes along the middle-class maiden who now cannot consent to go beyond twenty-five will be able to stretch a point and take up to thirty in her range of youth.

It is a curious fact that there are many more women returned as married than men: it seems to resemble the logic of the Irish law student who observed that "if women and men understood the full effect of the marriage laws, many more men would get married but fewer women." The Commissioners explain their paradox by the supposition that some husbands were abroad, and that some of the women who returned themselves as married had not any strict right to do so. To these theories must be added, alas! the number of husbands among the lower classes who desert their families, and would then declare themselves as single. Of reputed centenarians, there are 104 women and only 42 men. It appears that old men fall victims to town life conditions far more easily than old women do: "Men die earlier than women, both in country and town, but much more so in the latter than in the former."

Lady Henry Somerset, who has of late years entirely devoted her time, strength, and great natural abilities, and the influence of her position, to work of a philanthropic and humanitarian character, and in particular to promoting temperance and the advancement for good of her own sex, has just brought out the first number of a new weekly paper, called the *Woman's Signal*, which she will edit. In the first number there is an editorial address, in which Lady Henry asks her friends to "love me, love my paper." She continues: "The realm of philanthropy, which is an extension of the home, will be our special province, and we shall not hesitate to declare our whole counsel, so far as it goes, concerning the rectification of the frontiers of progress which is called reform. We have no friends to reward, no grudges to pay off. Particularly do we disavow any antagonism towards men. The heritage of the past weighs heavily on the men of the present as well as on the women. In so far as we have common-sense, we are all tugging away at the boulders that have drifted down into our course from less kindly and enlightened ages." It is altogether a sweet address, and reflects a very noble nature, and the paper which has such a spirit behind it ought to be welcomed by all women. Lady Henry Somerset, who is the eldest daughter, and co-heiress with Adeline, Duchess of Bedford, of the late Earl Somers, is a charming, bright, debonnaire woman in her early prime—nothing could be less like than she is either to the traditional "strong-minded" woman or the prim, cold, harsh "religious"; she is an excellent, fluent speaker, and in every way calculated to be a useful and influential leader in the noble paths she chooses to walk within.

Another equally remarkable and interesting woman now lives and works with Lady Henry Somerset. Miss Frances Willard is the leader of the temperance movement in America. She is a truly remarkable personage, so bright and witty and well-informed that one quite understands that those who have her company do not need champagne to make their minds active, alert, and gay. Miss Willard is the President of the World's Women's Christian Temperance Union, which has enormous influence in America. She has lived for years in Chicago. Mr. Stead appears to have aroused great indignation among the ladies of Chicago by accusing them of "living to themselves alone," and calling them an odiously offensive name in consequence. It is not surprising that this has been resented, for it is most grossly mistaken; the women of Chicago are particularly active in philanthropic work. The direction in which any one of us tries to work for mankind is a matter for private opinion, judgment, and conscience, and, indeed, also of opportunity; the essential is that we shall one and all show that we realise something of the responsibility to humanity of the individual, and the American women do feel this and act up to it very generally. The Women's Christian Temperance Union is an extraordinary organisation, which is brought to bear on public opinion and State action in very many ways. It has some remarkable successes to record. For one thing, no woman is now allowed to serve liquor in New York, wicked though that city is. One of the most splendid of Chicago's huge buildings is "The Woman's Temple." Its erection was designed, arranged, and carried out entirely by these ladies for their temperance work. Some of the chief rooms in it are reserved for the W. C. T. Union purposes, and these are maintained by the rents paid for the rest of the huge structure as business offices. The Temple is not yet free from a mortgage, but it more than pays its way from year to year—pays interest on the mortgage, management expenses, and maintenance—and one day will belong entirely to its founders of the Union. It was a very big business enterprise for women to initiate and succeed in carrying through.

A PORTFOLIO OF FRENCH ART.

French Illustrators. By Louis Morin. (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; London: Hutchinson and Co.)—The finest characteristic of this handsome and interesting volume, just published by Scribner's, consists in the fifteen



THE CHARGE.—BY LOUIS VALLET.
From "French Illustrators." (Hutchinson and Co.)

plates, most carefully reproduced from work of some of the French illustrators, whose ambitions and achievements form the excuse for the large and commodious letterpress that accompanies the plates. It would, perhaps, be invidious to place in an order of admiration this series of plates, which are all really exceedingly well reproduced; but since we propose to consider them in some detail, we may as well classify them according to some rough method of preference.

We select first, then, M. Boutet de Monvel's the "Study Hour," an admirable composition, not only for its portraiture and character, but also for its handling of the artificial light, whether it falls directly on the faces of the boys, or indirectly about the room and on the face of the woman who leans over towards the table. The composition of the picture is extraordinarily simple and free from superfluous detail, while it loses little by its translation into black and white. The process in this instance is that of photogravure.

Next we select M. Vierge's "In Malaga" (India proof), a triple composition of scenes in Malaga placed in a beautiful relation to one another—the first, perched somewhat on the left, an irregular little vignette of a country scene, wild with romance: the trees are massed blackly in front of a high full moon; a mule-cart is careering downhill, and on it a guitariste is pealing out a serenade. The middle scene dovetails into this gay romance. It is the interior of a Spanish music-hall, and is etched with a singularly subtle sense of character, various and inspiring. As a large and pendent tailpiece, a school-scene of a more real and everyday inspiration completes a composition remarkable for its grace, its freedom of line, and its graduation of depth.

M. Giacomelli's "Bird-Perch" may be considered next: a coloured plate representing more than a score of little birds whose colour in combination may perhaps be a trifle monotonous, but whose expression is charmingly various and, in a legitimate sense, quite humorous. It is so extremely easy, in work of this nature, to produce a kind of humorous effect by making animals or birds cheaply human that one is glad to recognise M. Giacomelli's success from a legitimate and purely natural point of view. The composition is simple and graceful.

Another colour-plate is M. Louis Morin's charming "Pierrot et Colombine." The two are speeding in a gondola across a lagoon, sitting demurely in the body of their boat, half lit by the light of the great moon that rises above the dim outline of Venice. To complete a beautiful and simple composition are the details of a small water-shrine,

showing a bright red light, and a blackly clad gondolier standing by the stern against the moonlight. The action is all well portrayed, particularly that of Colombine, engaged in fastening the ornament at her throat, with arms dimly lighted by the moonshine. The water is arranged with artistic attention to the fewness of necessary details.

"A Modern Song," by M. Marchetti, is a very realistic, admirably drawn, and dramatically composed version of a French drawing-room, on a raised platform in which a modern singer in costume is pursuing his antics before an amused but somewhat critical audience. Another equally realistic photogravure is reproduced from the work of M. Albert Lynch, "L'Aigrette." The handsome central character of the composition is engaged in trying on an aigrette in the presence of a pair of admiring friends. The picture is a pleasing one. "The Death of General Charette," by M. J. Le Blant, is a reproduction in heliotype of one of those grim scenes of execution with which we have become more or less familiar in art. The gloomy surroundings are all appropriately and well represented. A "Portrait," by Madame Madeleine Lemaire, is, without, perhaps, betraying much force, extremely pretty and skilfully drawn. The reproduction in photogravure of M. Detaille's "Dragoons in Campaign Service"—a party of dragoons crossing a stream, beyond which is a landscape with slim, slender trees—and M. Flameng's "The Black Hussar," a colour plate—the portrait of the Hussar standing by his white horse—are both equally successful. For the rest we have space only to mention, all as finished and highly interesting specimens of each painter's art, M. Charles Delort's "The Young Fishers"; M. Kaemmerer's "The Riverside Inn"; M. Tofani's "Playing Bars" (a colour plate); and M. Paul Renouard's "Between Rehearsals."

As to the actual letterpress of the volume (illustrated by a thousand charming drawings) it is to be remarked that it contains the accounts of the personal investigations of an American millionaire, Mr. Jefferys, and two French artists, M. Dupont and M. Durand, in the Parisian studios of French illustrators, among the frequenters of the "Chat Noir," and in the country houses of many artists who have made French illustration honoured and honourable in this generation. The results of these investigations could not be given even by summary in the space at our disposal, but to those who have the zeal to peruse the text this will be found full of personal and artistic interest. There is a moral to be gained from it all; that if there is one ultimate beauty in art, there are as many roads by which one may travel thither as there are artists who elect to take that journey.



THE AIGRETTE.—BY ALBERT LYNCH.
From "French Illustrators." (Hutchinson and Co.)

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD'S "GOOD COUNSELS."

The Book of Good Counsels (From the Sanskrit of the "Hitopadésa"). By Sir Edwin Arnold, M.A., K.C.I.E., C.S.I. (London: W. H. Allen and Co., Limited.)—Thirty years ago Sir Edwin Arnold, then ripening in Eastern scholarship at the shrines of the "ancient gods and glories," gave us from the "Hitopadésa" this "Book of Good Counsels." Sanskrit was then more particularly the tongue of the learned minority than it is now. A world of lettered men comprehended with a dim understanding that



THE FLOWER-GIRL.—BY MAURICE LELOIR.
From "French Illustrators." (Hutchinson and Co.)

the legends of the Mahâbhârata were a literature in themselves, and that a translation of the "Gitagovinda" should be forbidden in schools and places where they babble. A University, half-encouraging a tripos for the advance of Eastern learning, bespattered with a very faint praise the doctors she thus called into being, and dabbled in classical Sanskrit as in a language of terminations. Saving the faithful scholarship of pioneers like Burton, the beauteous work of Fitzgerald and of Sir Edwin himself, there was no larger cult or knowledge of that boundless and unsurpassable wealth of imagination and of poetry which lay hidden in the characters of the "perfect" tongue. Many men to-day can applaud themselves because they have assisted to unlock the gates of the Eastern garner. Yet it is to be doubted if there be any appreciable number of scholars to whom the easternmost branch of the great Indo-Germanic

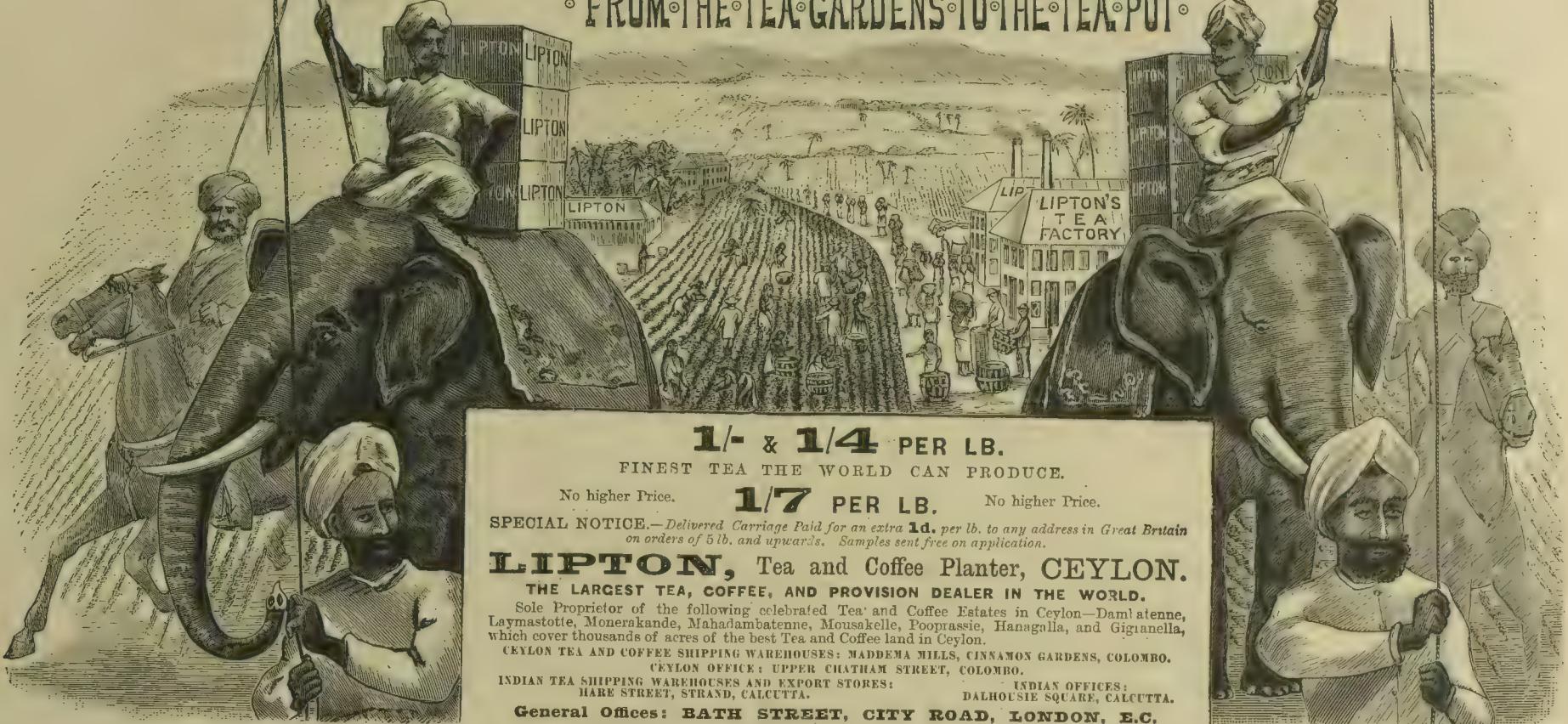
stock of tongues is a study for the pleasure of its literary treasure alone; though the growing popularity of translated epic and story-book is unquestionable. Men who have no Persian sit at the feet of Omar Khayyâm with Fitzgerald's masterpiece upon their laps. The name of Krishna is known to those who a decade ago could not have told whether it was the name of a god or a milkmaid. There is, beyond all, a desire to pursue and a thirst to lave in those translucent streams flowing from the mountains of the understanding which have so long been fables to us. At such a time, a new edition of the translation of the "Hitopadésa," the great source of every river of fable that has been, is to be welcomed. There were few so competent to have made it as the author of "The Light of Asia." The sententious truths sprinkled through the narratives of birds and beasts and fishes are admirably expressed, and the form of the original is preserved in the couplets which abound in all the stories. Here are all the rich colouring, all the mystic fancy, all the splendid imagery, which are the essence of collated tradition or Indian fable. Gunputee greets us from the portals of the houses we enter; the crown of flowers blooms perennially on the brow of Vrihaspati; we listen to the deliberations of the grey-hooded crow; we wander through the land of the rose-apple; we meet again the King of the Mice, and the Golden Deer; and with it all, tale succeeds tale with bewildering freshness; the jackals and tigers and pigeons never cease to chatter in wise poetic maxims; there is some fresh story to be told even when the end seems to have been reached. That such a book can become widely popular no one believes. Many who read fables as a duty will prefer Grimm and Andersen. These stories lack a sufficiency of sustained interest to be taken up for their narrative power alone. But to the scholar who is seeking a larger acquaintance with the matter of Sanskrit, and to the student who would delve in a great field of poetic imagination, they will be very valuable.

M. P.

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OBITUARY.
LORD SANDFORD.

Sir Francis Richard John Sandford, P.C., K.C.B., LL.D., Baron Sandford, died on Dec. 31. The late peer was son of Sir Daniel Keyte Sandford, a son of the old Royalist family of Sandford of Sandford. He was born May 14, 1824, and in 1862 was appointed Secretary to the Royal Commissioners for the International Exhibition. He was formerly Assistant Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies, and in 1870 Secretary of the Education Department for England. In 1881 he became a Charity Commissioner, and he was also one of the Committee of Council on Education in Scotland. A peerage of the United Kingdom was conferred on him and the heirs male of his body, Jan. 20, 1891, and, as he leaves no issue, this peerage is now extinct. Lord Sandford married, in 1849, Margaret, fourth daughter of Mr. Robert Finlay, of Easterhill, in the county of Lanark, and of Boturich Castle, in the county of Dumbarton.

SIR WILLIAM ANNESLEY STEWART, BART.

Sir William Augustus Annesley Stewart, tenth baronet, of Fort Stewart, in the county of Donegal, died at Calcutta on Jan. 4, aged twenty-eight years. He was the elder son of the late Mr. William Molloy Stewart, brother of Sir Augustus Stewart, ninth baronet, and succeeded his uncle in 1889. Sir William, who had been in very delicate health for the last two years, was unmarried. The title is one of the oldest baronetcies in Ireland, having been conferred in 1623 on Sir William Stewart, Kt., of Castle Wigge and Tonderghie, in the county of Wigtown (who was of the same ancestry as the Lords of Galloway and Blantyre). It devolves on the late Sir William's only brother, now Sir Harry Augustus Annesley Stewart, eleventh baronet, of Fort-Stewart, who was born in 1871.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Dame Isabella Elizabeth Georgiana Milborne-Swinnerton-Pilkington, at Chevet Park, Wakefield, on Jan. 8. She was wife of Sir Lionel Milborne-Swinnerton-Pilkington, Bart., and only child and heiress of the Rev. Charles Kinleside, Rector of Poling, Sussex.

The Hon. Mrs. St. George Caulfeild, at Cadogan Place, London, on Jan. 10. Mrs. Caulfeild was sister of Edward, second Lord Crofton, and wife of Mr. St. George Francis Caulfeild, of Donamun Castle.

Miss Susan Maria Ffarington, at Worden Hall, on Jan. 10. The father of the deceased lady, the late Mr. William Ffarington, was the representative of the Ffaringtons of Worden, a family of eminence in Lancashire for many centuries. On the death of her brother, Mr. James

Nowell Ffarington, she and her sister, Miss Mary Hannah Ffarington, succeeded to the estate.

Lady Wolverton, at South Audley Street, London, on Jan. 10. This lady, who was widow of the second Baron Wolverton, was eldest daughter of the Rev. George Tulnall, of Uffington, Berks.

Mr. John M. Swan and Mr. Arthur Haider, painters, were on Jan. 16 elected Associates of the Royal Academy.

A large fire in the Caledonian Road, near King's Cross, on Jan. 14, destroyed the mills, factory, and stores of the Thorley Food for Cattle Company.

An iron screw-steamer, the Allonby, belonging to Cardiff, was swamped on Jan. 10 by a heavy sea, off Cape Ushant, in the Bay of Biscay, and sunk; eleven of the crew were drowned.

A telegram from Odessa gives particulars of a disastrous storm in the Black Sea, in which ten sailing-ships were wrecked, two being lost with their entire crews. Besides these, a Greek steamer is missing.

A hundred miles bicycle race between Arthur Linton, the English hundred miles champion, and the French cyclist Dubois took place in Paris on Jan. 13, and resulted in a victory for Linton by about 420 yards.

The Manchester Corporation is seeking powers to borrow £250,000 for extending the city gas-works. It has spent £2,000,000 on Thirlmere waterworks, £750,000 on improved sewerage, and lent £5,000,000 to the Ship Canal.

An express goods train running between Liverpool and London was wrecked on the Midland Railway near Leicester on Jan. 14, through one of the wagons being thrown off the line. Twenty-one wagons were smashed, the permanent way was much damaged, and traffic was blocked for nine hours.

A dainty and prettily got-up "Practical Cookery Book" has just been issued by the Liebig Extract of Meat Company, Limited. It contains some 180 recipes, most of which will well repay perusal. The book can be had free on application to the company at 9, Fenchurch Avenue, E.C.

The London County Council, on Jan. 16, discussed the report of a committee proposing to levy a tax on site values, commencing at a shilling in the pound, and increasing by twopence a year to two shillings in the pound. The committee recommended that the land should be taxed on the basis of a "cleared site" without the buildings upon it. An amendment was moved declaring this to be a speculative, complicated, and expensive mode of taxing ground values. Lord Farrer opposed the amendment, remarking that the attempt to tax personal property for municipal purposes had been tried in America, and had proved a failure. The amendment was rejected, but another was agreed to calling upon Government to introduce a Bill for the taxation of ground or site values next Session.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated July 7, 1883) of Mr. Algernon Peckover, of Sibalds Holme House, Wisbech St. Peter's, in the Isle of Ely, who died on Dec. 10, was proved on Jan. 5 by Alexander Peckover, the son, and Miss Susanna Peckover and Miss Priscilla Hannah Peckover, the daughters, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £1,163,000. The testator bequeaths £1000 each to the endowment fund of the Wisbech Museum Society and the North Cambridgeshire Cottage Hospital; £500 each to the Isle of Ely Auxiliary Bible Society of the Northern Division, the Friends' Institute (Bishopsgate), the Bedford Institute (Spitalfields), the Friends' Foreign Mission, and the Wisbech Workmen's Club and Institute; £300 for the repairs of the Friends' Meeting-House at Wisbech; £100 each to the Friends' School at Ackworth, Yorkshire, the Friends' Retreat at York, the British and Foreign School Society, and the Linnean Society; £50 each to the Infirmary at Bradford and the Fever Hospital at Bradford; £105,000 each to his daughters, Susanna, Priscilla Hannah, and Jane; £100,000 each to his daughters, Algerina and Wilhelmina; and there are other gifts to his daughters, and many legacies to executors, grandchildren, and other relatives and friends, to clerks, agents, and cashiers in the Wisbech Bank, servants and labourers. All the residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his son Alexander.

The Scotch confirmation, under seal of the Commission of Kirkcudbright, of the general disposition and settlement (executed Jan. 25, 1882), with a codicil (dated May 19, 1891), and a holograph codicil (dated Aug. 3, 1893), of the Hon. Charles Hope, J.P., D.L., of St. Mary's Isle, in the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright, who died on Oct. 31, granted to Captain John Hope, R.N., the eldest son, and the surviving executor nominate, was rescaled in London on Jan. 4, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland amounting to upwards of £309,000.

The will (dated March 7, 1892) of Mr. Patrick Francis Campbell Johnston, of 16, St. James's Place, S.W., who died on March 14, was proved on Jan. 3 by Captain Frederick Erskine Johnston, R.N., the brother, and Captain Frederick Campbell Johnston, R.A., and Captain Bruce Campbell Johnston, R.E., the nephews, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £137,000. The testator bequeaths an annuity of £200 to Florence Wade; and a legacy of £200 to his servant, Amos Hardy, both free of legacy duty. The residue of his estate and effects, real and personal, he leaves to the children of his brother, Frederick Erskine Johnston, to be equally divided between them.

The will (dated June 13, 1893) of Mr. Charles Archibald Anderson, of Waverley Abbey, Farnham, Surrey, who died on Nov. 23, was proved on Jan. 2 by Rupert Darnley Anderson and William Joseph Anderson, the brothers, and Edward Cox, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £91,000. The testator bequeaths £100 to the Tilford Oak Benefit Club; £100 to be applied by his executors for the purposes of the Tilford Institute;

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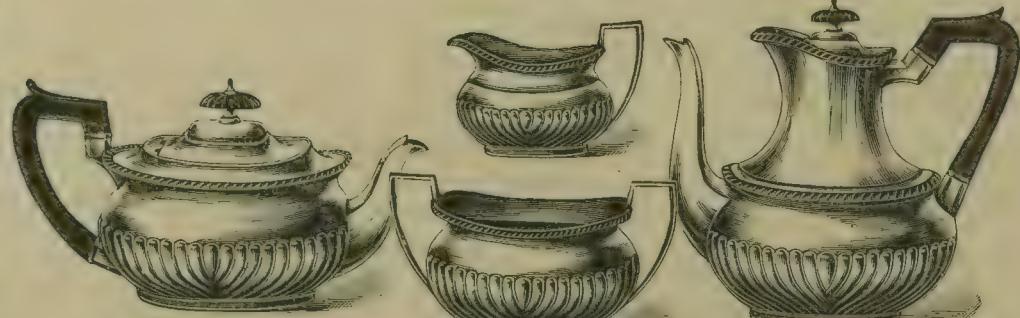
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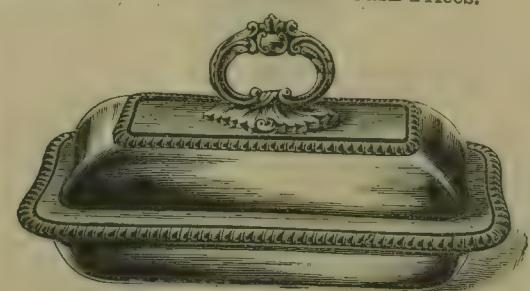
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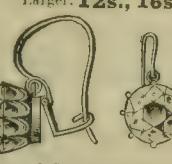
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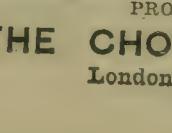
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"(Rev.) E. S. FARDELL."



"HAMPTON PARK, HEREFORD,
Nov. 28, 1893.

"DEAR SIR,—I enclose a photo of my little girls, taken at the ages of three years and three months and two years. They have been fed on your Food since they were five weeks old.

"Yours faithfully,
"MABEL BEDDOE."

"BROAD STREET, BLAENAVON, MON., Nov. 16, 1893.
"DEAR SIR,—Enclosed I send you photograph of my little son, Horace, taken when he was fifteen months old. He has been reared entirely upon your Food, and, as appears, is healthy, bright, and happy. Although very heavy, he was able to run about when only twelve months old, his little legs being strong and firm at that age. I believe your Food to be a most excellent composition for the feeding of Infants, and my wife bears the same testimony.—Yours faithfully,

"H. W. PARRY."

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MESSRS. MELLIN'S FOOD COMPANY.

Gentlemen,—I beg most respectfully to forward to you both my thanks and opinion of your valuable Food for Children, viz., MELLIN'S FOOD.

My son, for the first twelve months of his life, was wasting away to a mere skeleton, notwithstanding that he had in constant attendance three medical men, all of whom gave him up as incurable. He was also an out-patient of the Shadwell Hospital for Children, from which establishment he was discharged incurable, just at which time I was advised by a friend to try MELLIN'S FOOD, which I immediately did, and after using two or three bottles his recovery and gaining of strength was so palpable that I continued to use it, and am happy to say that he is now two years and a half old, and as fat and as strong as you would wish to see one of his age, and I have great pleasure (should you feel disposed to do so) for you to use this testimonial both for yourselves and the benefit of other children. This statement I can authenticate.—Yours, etc.,

P. AGATE.

"The White Swan," Devon's Road, Bow, London.
Dec. 16, 1893.



"LILLESALL LODGE, NEWPORT, SALOP,
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"DEAR SIR,—I am sending you photo of my eight-months old boy, fed since he was three months old on your Food entirely. It has given every satisfaction. If you care to use the photo in any way you are quite at liberty to do so.

"Yours faithfully,
"ARCHER P. RICHARDSON."



"82, CRANMER STREET, LEICESTER, Nov. 20, 1893.

"DEAR SIR,—I have pleasure in sending you a photo of our little boy, Milton, taken at sixteen months old. At six weeks old we did not think it possible for him to live; he weighed only 5lb. Our medical man could do him no good, until we tried your Food, and from the first it suited him so well, the first month he gained more than 2lb. in weight. Since then we've had no trouble with him; he's been and is now as strong, lively, and healthy as any other child his age. I do all I can to recommend your Food, feeling sure it has been the saving of our little son.—Yours faithfully, H. ROPER."

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"DEAR SIR,—May I add my testimonial to the long list you must already have in
praise of your Food? My daughter, Muriel, was an exceedingly delicate child from her
birth until she was five months old—barely existed. I tried all kinds of Food for her,
each of which I had to peptonise. But when she was five months old I was induced to
try your Food, and from the first the result was marvellous—it quite did away with the
peptonising business, and baby took a new lease of life, and is now—aged a year and
three-quarters—as fine a child as any of her age.—Sincerely yours, "E. THOMAS."



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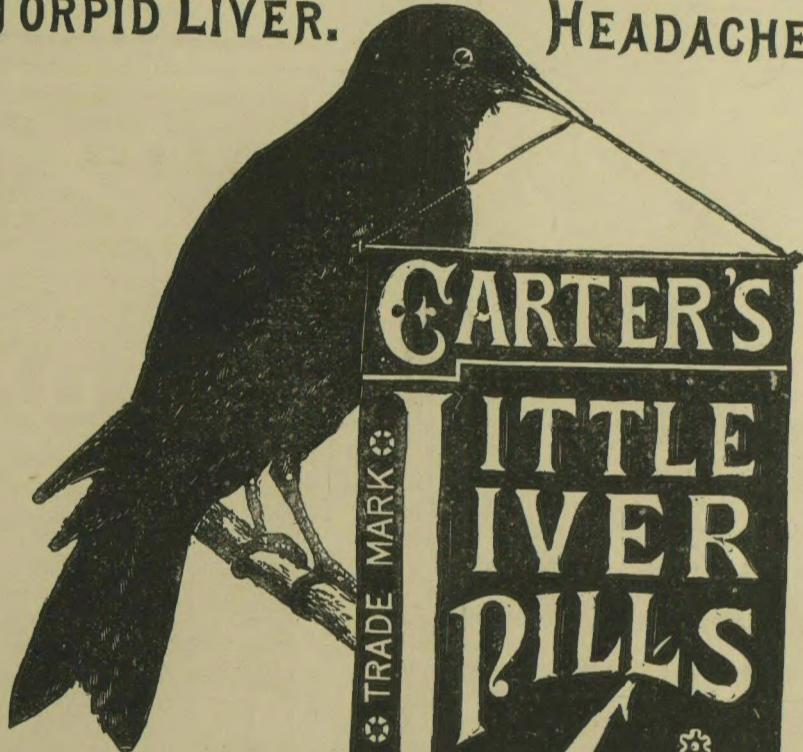
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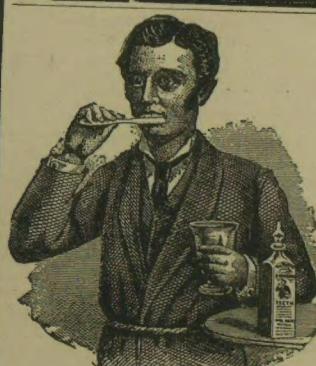
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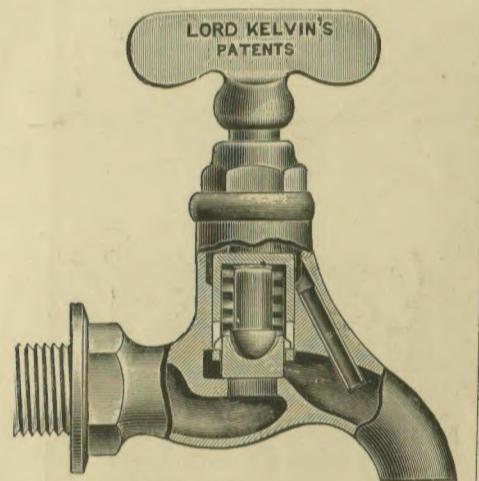
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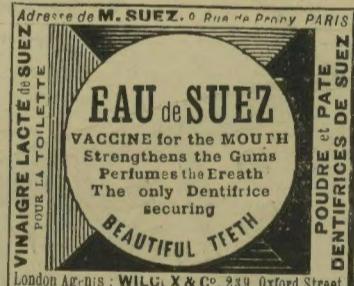
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